The Catholic Guardian.

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THE

CATHOLIC GUARDIAN,

A Weekly Newspaper

AND REVIEW

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE RIGHT REV. BISHOPS OF LOS ANGELES AND GRASS VALLEY.

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Communications intended for publication should be addressed "EDITORS CATHOLIC GUARDIAN;" business letters to "CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY," 403 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

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by the Italian Artist, Meucarini, of this city, from a model by the celebrated sculptor Benzoni, of Rome.

This beautiful piece of workmanship is now on exhibition at my establishment. The likeness is pronounced excellent by those who are familiar with the Holy Father.

In order to bring this fine figure within the reach of all, it is offered at the very low price of twelve dollars, or fifteen dollars with a suitable pedestal.

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San Francisco, October, 1872.

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☞ One door from the corner of Sutter Street. ☜

MRS. RIORDAN begs leave to inform the ladies of San Francisco that she has received the most elegant stock of Fall Fashions in Millinery Goods, consisting of the latest Paris and New York styles, which she herself selected with care. Please to examine her stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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Which he will make up in the lates styles at greatly reduced prices.

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KID GLOVES.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO

—AND—

COLORADO RIVER RAILWAY.

Office of the San Francisco and Colorado River Railway Company. No. 305 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Sept, 24, 1872.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco, having passed an ordinance submitting to the Electors the question of granting a subsidy to our Company, for the Construction of a Railroad to the Colorado River, to connect with the Railroads being built from the East, we are now in a better position to ask the citizens of San Francisco to join us and urge the importance of the undertaking; and beg to say:

First—We propose, in good faith, to build a first-class Railroad, with all the dispatch possible and certainly within the time provided in the Ordinance.

Second—We pledge ourselves as men to the fact, that we are entirely disconnected and free from all associations with the Central or Southern Pacific Railroad Companies or their Managers or Directors, and are in genuine competition with them, and we have no association or connection with any other Railroad Company or combination in existence and expect to have none, except business or running arrangements with lines from the East and South, which hereafter may desire to exchange business with us.

Third—We invite every citizen of the City and County of San Francisco to subscribe to our stock. Our books are open to all. Our Company is not a close corporation, and in no sense a monopoly. We particularly invite every tax-payer to subscribe, at least as much as he will be called upon to contribute to the subsidy, and thus, in a manner, free of legal difficulties, participate in the advantages growing out of the enterprise.

Fourth—A Committee of the Board will be in attendance at the office of the Company, No. 305 Sansome Street, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted, to receive subscriptions, and duly authorized parties will wait upon the citizens generally, giving them an opportunity to subscribe.

Fifth—This being an independent and competing road, there can be no reason for those who desire the success of such an enterprise to decline their co-operation, which we cordially invite.

J. MORA MOSS,
PETER DONAHUE,
W. C. RALSTON,
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SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,

Santa Clara, California.

Under the management of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated, with the privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two departments — the Classic and Scientific.

The College buildings are large and commodious, while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gymnasiums, a swimming-pond, etc., afford every facility for healthful exercise.

The College possesses a very complete philosphical apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Telegraphy, Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two sessions of five months each, commences in August, and closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light per year	350 00

Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the like, no advance made by the Institution.

For further particulars, apply to

REV. A. VARSI, S. J., President.

jan1-tf

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPORated according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer academical honors, commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Monday, August 19th, 1872. The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter	62 00
Washing, per quarter	12 00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter	2 50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the session. jan1-tf

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

THIS Institution, chartered according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, proverbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery.

The faculty is composed of the FATHERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION OF ST. VINCET DE PAUL, who devote themselves to promote the health and happiness, as well as the intellectual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years, who are competent to enter the primary course, and who come with respectable recommendations, provided they comply with the rules and discipline of the College, which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of English and Classical Literature, the various branches of Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also, a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for every branch of business.

TERMS:

For Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$250 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year	30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month	8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per mouth	6 00
Vacation at the College	40 00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a charge of $3 00 per month.

For further information, apply to

REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.

jan1-tf

DAY SCHOOLS

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY HAVE JUST COMpleted a commodious School Building on First Street, near Bryant, where girls will be taught the various branches of an English education.

A Boy's School is being prepared on Rincon Place, and will be placed in charge of competent teachers.

SISTER MARY B. RUSSELL,
Superior of Sister of Mercy.

jan1-tf

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the reception of students on the 15th of October, 1855. It was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the 30th of April, 1850, and empowered to confer academical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education. But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.

The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guardians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offendor to the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

(No deduction is made except in case of long illness.)

Tuition, in Preparatory Department	$3 00
" in Grammar Department	5 00
" in Higher Department	8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy, and Chemicals, first year, per month	$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per month	5 00
For each Academical Degree	10 00

jan1-tf

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco California.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific, or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL Course, receive the degree of A. B.; the Scientific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial Course has been established for the convenience of those who wish to acquire a good, practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing	$250 00
Entrance Fee	10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines	5 00
Vacation at College	40 00
Day Students	60 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra charges.

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.

jan1-tf

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van Duzen and Eel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville. It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.

The course of studies is classical, scientific and commercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teaching the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending linens	$225.00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once	10.00
Vacation at College	40.00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class	$60.00
Junior Class	40.00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing, and modern languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be addressed o the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.

Very Rev. P. HENNEBERY,
Superior.

St. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL,

Benicia, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS Institution affords every facility for the acquisition of a refined and solid education. The Academy was founded in 1850, and now ranks among the most successful Educational Institutes in the State.

The course of instruction embraces the English, French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocution, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Biography, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy, and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Drawing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$225 00
Washing	45 00
Entrance Fee	10 00

EXTRAS:

(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument	$60 00
Organ " "	50 00
Guitar " "	50 00
Vocal Music, in Class	20 00
Private Lessons	40 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors	30 00
Painting in Oils	20 00
Board during Vacation	40 00

The Academic Year consists of two equal terms, the first commencing August 16th, the second, January 23d.

Pupils of any religious denomination will be received, but, for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be present at the regular religious services of the Institution.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are charged for such portion of it as may remain. No deduction, however, will be made if the pupil is withdrawn during the season, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, consistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government, will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed at this Institution.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR. my25-tf

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution conducted by the FATHERS of the ORDER of ST. FRANCIS, will commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this institution is to give a good English, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Education at the lowest possible cost — a want long felt in California — and thereby bring its advantages within the reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,)	$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months	150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges. Those who spend their vacations at the College will be charged $30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance,

Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

For further particulars, apply to

jan1-tf REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTION

FOR THE

Education of Young Ladies,

San Juan, Monterey Co.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per annum,	$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once	10
Tuition on Piano, per annum	60
French, per annum	25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month	$2.00
Elementary and Senior, per month	3.00
Tuition on Piano, per month	6.00
French, per month	2.50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

For Prospectus and further particulars apply to

SISTER CARMEN ARGELAGA,
Superior.

aug24-tf

CONVENT

OF THE

Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Gilroy.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS;

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per annum	$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once	10
Tuition on Piano, per annum	60
French, per annum	25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month	$2.00
Elementary and Senior, per month	3.00
Tuition on Piano, per month	6.00
French, per month	2.50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

For Prospectus and further particulars, apply to

SISTER RAYMUNDA CREMADELL,
Superior.

N. B.—The above Establishment is, also, the Novitiate of the Order. aug24-tf

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short distance from the sea, in the most delightful and healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive, and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches of a thorough English education. Spanish is also taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc., per annum	$200 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, $6 60.	68 00
Guitar, per month, $5 00	52 50

No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, commences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday of June.

For further particulars, apply to

SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

jan1-tf

The "Catholic Annual" for 1872

NOW READY:

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, for 1872.

Thirty-five first-class Illustrations.

144 PAGES, 12 MO., TINTED PAPER.

Single copies, 25 cents; one dozen copies, $2.50; one hundred copies, $16.

The Church Publication Society.

LAWRENCE KEHOE,
General Agent,

No. 9 Warren Street, New York.

H. C. BATEMAN,

CATHOLIC BOOK SELLER, 208 Kearny Street, Cor. Sutter, has just received a fine stock of Vestments, Holy Bibles, Remonstrances, Prayer Books, Chalices, Pyxes, Missals and Brevaries, with a splendid assortment of all the Catholic and Irish Books published in the United States and Ireland; and a fine selection of Velvet, Pearl and Ivory Prayer Books and all other fine Catholic articles. jan1-tf

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. II. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 19, 1872. No. 6

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SAN FRANCISCO people are very much exercised of late over the railroad question, and subsidy and anti-subsidy are discussed on every corner. If the good of the city and of the State is the object sought, we think we can suggest something better than transcontinental railroads. We presume no one will deny that the farmers must prosper before the city can. What benefit will another overland road be to the farmers of the State? There is but very little of their produce that can be carried to market overland. It must go in ships. The commercial metropolis of a country should own ships enough to carry off the surplus produce of that country; or, if not absolutely owned in the city, they should be *controlled* by its merchants. A subsidy of ten millions of dollars to a line of clipper ships that would carry off all the surplus wheat of the State at a reasonable freight would be of greater advantage than so much given to build an overland road. It can not be hoped that another road will so reduce the price of freight that grain can be successfully shipped across the continent. San Francisco wants a *free port* and plenty of *ships* to carry off the crop. Her capitalists must fix —even if it does cost some money—to provide the farmers with money to handle the grain crop with. If there had been plenty of ships this season in this trade—if there had been no port charges—if farmers could have borrowed money at one per cent. per month, wheat would have been over two cents per pound—country real estate would have been in demand, immigration would have increased, and city property worth twenty-five per cent. more than at present. It is said that a hint to a wise man is as good as a kick. Won't the business men of this city take this hint? A wheat-growing country can better do without railroads than without ships. If a farmer can ship his wheat just as conveniently from a free port, he will not go to one charging outrageously high wharfage, dockage, etc.

IT seems that a fatality sometimes overtakes a family. One will go on for generation after generation, its members all beloved, honored and respected by all who know them; while all of a sudden the whole family seem possessed of demons—a mania seizes them, and each member seems to vie with the other in heaping odium on the name. A gray-haired father, forgetting his duty to his family, to an honored name, and to his GOD, takes to himself a mistress, and is killed by her. Through the inscrutable ways of the law she is found not guilty of crime, and the sons of the murdered man, bearing the honored name of their ancestors, persist in heaping more odium on that name by "bullying" the mistress of him who first cast a blot upon it. The action of the father can not be justified; the murder by the mistress can not be excused; but, worse than either, is the action of the would-be "bullies." The first two actions may allow of some mitigation by those who believe the human passions may dull the intellect, and make man forget the commands of GOD; but for the latter there can be no justification.

WE do not intend to flatter the *three* editors of the little *Masonic Mirror* by intimating that they possess ingenuity enough to manufacture anything; but the October number contains an article, under the title: "Free-Masonry in the United States. From a Catholic Stand-Point, manufactured by some one from whole cloth." It professes to copy from an "ultra-montane Catholic paper, published at Munich;" but we charge that no such paper ever contained as an editorial any such article, or ever put it forth as the expression of the paper, and we ask the *three* able editors to produce us the paper; or, failing in this, give us the name of the journal, and the date of its issue. How easy it is to falsify a paper so indefinitely named! But then we have seen even the *Catholic World* grossly misquoted. These fellows will stop at no fraud to make a point against the Church.

IT appears, from remarks said to have been made by Archbishop Bayley, on the occasion of his inauguration at Baltimore, that a Provincial Council will soon be convened in the interest of the colored population, and also to discuss the subject of secular education. These are both important questions. Religion is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the Negro. Without it, that race would soon run into the most brutal excesses; with it, they are kind, docile, and easily governed. With the great numbers of them now in the United States, it is of the utmost importance, even from a secular and material stand-point, that they be thoroughly instructed in the Christian religion. But when we consider that there are millions of souls to be saved — which only require the effort, for negroes are not hard to convince of the truth of Christianity — we can but applaud the contemplated action of His Grace. The subject of secular education is of greater importance than any other that could be brought up in these United States. There is a disposition on the part of a large party to make a national system of education, secular and compulsory in its character. This of course they regard as the first step in the establishment of a religion, or rather in the destruction of religion and the establishment of infidelity. Considering the times, and the questions likely to arise, we do not wonder that Archbishop Bayley felt that he would rather avoid the grave responsibility which will rest upon him.

THE list of exchanges of a new paper is never full enough; but somehow, for the past two or three weeks, we have not been getting nearly all our list. This is very provoking to us, and a loss to our readers. We don't know where the fault is, but if the same thing keeps up much longer we will know, or raise a row. We hope a "hint" will prove sufficient to have the little irregularity corrected.

LATE dispatches represent Europe in a politically critical condition. The meeting of the three emperors is considered a hypercritical thing, gotten up to quiet the political and social fermentation going on among the masses. The Internationales are having their meetings at Hyde Park, London; and are threatening Paris with another era of bloodshed. The Thiers government has information that the released Communes have 2,000 bombs now in Paris. Rulers will have to learn soon that when they destroy the religion of a people they can not be restrained from lawless acts. Teach a man that there are no future rewards and punishments, and put him in a position where he must struggle for existence, and what cares he for society? The rich he looks upon as his natural enemies. In his rage he gathers the pillars of the social fabric, and, like another Sampson, envelops all in ruin, even though he is a victim himself. These rulers will soon find it impossible to keep up on the infidel plan, and will once more have to invoke the powerful aid of the Church.

THE trials of the Holy Father must be heavy indeed. A Washington special says, a prominent Government officer, traveling in Europe, writes from Rome to a friend in this city, as follows: "I can tell you, as a matter of personal knowledge, that the Vatican is all that the Pope has left. The Quirinal and his other palaces have been taken from him. Many of their churches have been seized and converted into offices or military barracks. Monasteries and convents have been broken up, and other church buildings closed. The Papal troops have been disbanded, and the household guard, who are not permitted outside the Vatican in uniform, I learn will also be broken up. Of seventy-two Cardinals, the number has been reduced to about forty-five."

THE *Masonic Mirror*, of this city, asks the question, "Is there a Pope among us?" It then indulges in a very long editorial, considering it has only three editors, and winds up without answering its own question. Somebody said his grandmother heard a man say his brother Dick told him his grandmother heard her Aunt Sally say she heard of a man who had been down to Havana, and this man told her cousin Polly something in Spanish, which her sister Jane was listening to, which she believes to have meant, if she had only understood the Spanish, that one *Martin Ferretti* was a Mason. Now Martin and Mastai being so near the same sound, the whole batch of old women, including the three able editors of the *Masonic Mirror*, were of the opinion it could be none other than the Pope himself! But what if Mastai Ferretti did join the Masons? What are they going to do about it? We are well satisfied he knows more about Masonry than either of the editors of the *Mirror*. If that makes a Mason of him, he is certainly one.

"PERSONAL or impersonal?" seems to be the question among certain American newspapers. Whether the editor shall be quoted or the paper. The *Christian Union*, which announces HENRY WARD BEECHER as its editor in two very prominent places, does not think it good taste for its contemporaries to say "Beecher" said thus and so, instead of quoting the *Union*. It would not be right to attribute something written about the fashions in the New York *Tribune* to HORACE GREELEY. We are of the opinion that papers should be, as far as possible, impersonal. If the publishers of a paper which has no established reputation employ an editor who has a reputation, it is perhaps legitimate and right for them to announce that fact as a matter of business, but when the editor is not a great deal better known than the paper, it is better that he remain entirely impersonal. If he is ambitious, let him build up the paper—let him regard its name as his *nom de plume*. But when a paper has no announced editor, we do not see by what right other papers go behind this impersonality and make one for it. The *Morning Call*, of last Sunday, maliciously, we think, had the editor of the CATHOLIC GUARDIAN engaged in a personal difficulty. If a collision occurred between two gentlemen, we can not see what the CATHOLIC GUARDIAN newspaper had to do with it. The editor of THE GUARDIAN, the *Call* is hereby informed, has never had a disagreement of any kind with any gentleman in San Francisco. Anything that appears in these columns is public property, and, as such, is subject to criticism. Where we can not maintain a position assumed, we will acknowledge ourselves in error; but we think we have a right, in courtesy, to demand that THE GUARDIAN be treated altogether by what it is of itself, without regard to the action of any man whom the reporters may suppose to have a certain connection with it.

WE ask for the article which we publish elsewhere in this paper, under the caption, "The Catholic Church the Repository of true Christian Charity," a careful reading. It is a very valuable document; the writer, in our opinion, establishing all his caption claims. All the so-called benevolent societies are as nothing compared to the Church. No one, Catholic or Protestant, will regret having spent the time reading the article in question.

DR. O. A. BROWNSON announces his intention of starting again his *Review*, suspended in 1864. The Dr. remarks that he has yet "some words in exposition and in defense of Catholic philosophy, and Catholic faith, and Catholic interests, which are pressing for utterance," and which he thinks he can not express so well except in an organ under his own exclusive control. At his time of life the commencement of such a work indicates a great deal of "pluck." The Dr. is, we believe, nearly eighty years of age, but his mind yet retains all the vigor of his younger days. America has, perhaps, never produced a man of a more logical or analytical mind. We shall look with some degree of anxiety for the appearance of this work, and we hope the Doctor may yet live to the accomplishment of much good.

A WRITER in the *Christian Union* urges the union of the Baptists and Congregationalists, and signs himself "OLD CATHOLIC." Now what has an "old" Catholic or any other kind of Catholic to do with the union of those two sects?

PRIVATE information to the *London Register* leaves no room for doubt as to the anxiety of the Robber-King and his Minister to force upon the Holy Father the necessity of quitting Rome, and we regret to learn that there are about His Holiness short-sighted advisers who are urging the Pope to seek an asylum out of Italy. This would, indeed, be playing the game of the infidels, revolutionists and robbers who have despoiled the Holy See, and for whom the Pope's continuance in Rome is the greatest possible embarrassment. We are quite sure, continues the *Register*, that these excommunicated brigands—far more infamous than the wretches who infest southern Italy, and live upon the plunder of hapless way farers—would not think an annual subvention of

£300,000 too high a price to be paid to the Pope, on the condition that he should quit Rome and fix his abode in any other part of the earth. By their own act the Pope is still a temporal sovereign, even though his dominion is not so wide as that "Rome and a cabbage garden," which M. Edmond About, in the plenitude of his generosity, proposed for the Holy Father some years ago, and that temporal sovereignty, confined though it be to the Vatican and its precincts, sadly disconcerts their policy and their plans. If the Pope could only be induced or forced, without the appearance of force, to leave Rome, then, indeed, would the revolution be accomplished and the triumph of the revolutionists completed. How it happens that those devoted friends of the Papacy, who advise his Holiness to quit Rome, do not perceive how entirely they are playing the enemy's game, does indeed astonish us, and passes all comprehension. Fortunately, the Holy Father thinks differently from those unwise counsellors, and adheres firmly to his own much wiser judgment. The Pope will not quit Rome, and thus baffles the Robber-King and his partisans, and the Devil, whom they serve. We have felt it our duty to speak thus frankly, in order that it may be clearly and distinctly understood that the Catholics of this country deem it of vital importance that the Vicar of Christ should remain at St. Peter's until the enemies of the Church consummate their guilt by forcibly ejecting Him from the Vatican.

A NEWS item in the daily papers states that STEPHEN GLADSTONE, son of the British Premier, has been made rector of Haywarden, at $15,000 per annum. This is a very nice salary for dispensing the doctrines of Him who had not where to lay His head.

"THERE is some talk of the Archbishop of Paris addressing a pastoral letter to his clergy on the subject of the emotion produced in the Church by 'the new attitude of certain priests,' which probably means the marriage of Pere Hyacinthe, and a certain tendency in the same direction manifested by other ecclesiastics. The Bishops of Poitiers, Grenoble, Lucon, etc., are also said to be preparing pastorals on the same subject." All of this we gather from the *Alta*, and we certainly feel under many obligations for the "intentions" of the Archbishop of Paris, as well as of the other Bishops, in advance of the knowledge of all other men, even the Bishop referred to, for we are certain no such thing has entered their minds. If any priest chooses to follow the footsteps of HYACINTHE, he is at liberty to do so. If one makes up his mind to violate the vows of his ordination, no pastoral letter would stop him. Every priest in France knows the full force and effect of his vows, and does not need instruction on that point. Then there is no tendency to follow in the same direction.

THE *Alta* indulges in a note on the "new" Archbishop of Baltimore. The first sentence conveys a bit of "information" entirely new to us. We had no idea that Archbishop Bayley was to be the head of the Catholic Church in the New World; or perhaps the *Alta* concludes that the United States is all of the New World worth considering. Says the "notist:"—"The new Archbishop of Baltimore, the head of the Catholic Church in the New World, in his installation address, indirectly asserts that no good Catholic has fallen into Internationalism, Mormonism, or public advocacy of Women's Rights. Those three offenses are classed together as the great sins of our time, and the avoidance of them by the adherents of the Church of Rome is mentioned as an illustration of the beneficent influence of religion. The strong-minded ladies should send a deputation to Baltimore to induce the reverend gentleman to take it all back, and issue a pastoral urging woman suffrage." We don't exactly see the force of the last sentence, but perhaps the *Alta* does.

"OUR FOREIGN CHURCH," ONCE MORE.

BLACKWOOD'S *Edinburgh Magazine*, for September, undertakes to show that the Catholic Church teaches too much submission to the powers that be—that she is too loyal to established authority. Here we have just the reverse of the statement made by *Harper's Weekly*, in the article we quoted in our issue of October 5th. Here are the statements of two enemies of the Church; they are as contrary as though one had said an article was black and the other that it was white. Which shall we believe? Following out the idea of the article referred to, *Harper's Weekly*, of the 12th instant, has a caricature which represents the American Primate tied to the Pope, carrying a bundle of papers, supposed to contain directions to the faithful on the subject of voting. Brother Jonathan approaches with the oath of allegiance to the United States, and with a pair of shears in his hand, says: "Allow me to sever you from your Foreign Mother (Church). You are as able to take care of yourself as your brethren of other sects." The Bishop scowls at this, and puts out his hand to protect the bond of union. This picture represents a great *truth*. There is a powerful party in the United States that proposes to sever, *with steel*, the bond of union between Catholics of this and of other countries, or drive Catholicism from the land. This is the work they propose to themselves, but the accomplishment of it is quite another thing. In the background of the same picture a German soldier has a priest prostrate on the ground, and with a pair of scissors is severing the cord which binds him to the Pope. What means this picture, if it is not a threat that the same things which are now being done in Germany may be expected in this country? We tell our Catholic brethren that they must not feel too secure because the Constitution guarantees them their religious liberty; they should be prepared to meet any emergency. There is nothing more certain than the fact that if there be an error in the teachings of the Church in regard to the duty of Catholics to the government, it is too much on the side of submission to wrong. Let any one who imagines that the Church does not teach obedience to the "government," whatever it may be, read the subjoined remarks by *Blackwood*. This magazine, be it remembered, is, equally with the *Harper's*, an enemy of the Church. The writer is reviewing a book which details incidents connected with the condemnation and execution of certain French ladies during the Reign of Terror:

In our view of the French Revolution, the violence of the torrent then loosed has always seemed less wonderful than the exceeding weakness of the dam. Why on earth did people submit?

The germ of an answer to this question may perhaps be discovered in the little book which M. de Lasteyrie has so well translated for us: "Submit yourselves humbly to the will of God;" "obey the laws of your country." Yes, yes, but—so complex is life!—it may be shown that an undue and mistaken observance of these principles was the very evil which unchained the hell-hounds of the French Revolution. There is no greater mistake than that of imagining that the Reign of Terror was a time of incessant mob-rule and turbulence. It was really from the want of a little healthy turbulence, and the utter absence of any such thing as a good, honest, indignant mob, that the continuance of the "Reign" was made possible. This is easily shown. When the whole power of the State has been suffered to fall into the hands of murderers, it necessarily becomes the duty of the good to rise up against crime—that is, against the law of the land; and in such case, like any other insurgents, they must look to their means of action. Having on their side character, property, and overwhelming numbers, the enemies of "the Terror" were endowed with great elements of strength, but they had to encounter a formidable antagonist—that is, an executive governmenf which was legally armed with the power to kill whomsoever it chose; and, besides combination and valor, they were grievously in need of opportunity. They wanted some interruption of the awful calm—some fight, some *row*, some disturbance—in order that, as soldiers say, they might be able to "rally upon it." For months and months—nay, indeed, during nearly two years—they found no such occasion. Everywhere, submission, submission, submission, corresponding and more than corresponding to the triple audacity of Danton. The men "nowhere," as our turf people say; the women devoutly resigned.

With the aid of Monsieur de Lasteyrie's volume, observe a great noble's town-house in the early days of the Terror. An affray caused by some angry porters at the gate of the Hotel de Noailles might have become the nucleus of a victorious onset, closely followed by a blessed deliverance; but then an affray was just what did *not* happen, and was not even probable. The law reigned. If you are not afraid of being denounced by some spy as the associate of "aristocrats," you can enter the building. There, when in strict privacy with some members of the great historic house of Noailles, you surely will see the germ of resistance to organised murder. Not at all. You will see two brave, noble and high-hearted women—one charmingly attractive—recommending each other to prepare for death, with a priest contriving the disguise in which he will make bold to attend their execution; and this, mark, about a *year* before the time when the victims who thus prepared themselves for the knife of the slaughterer were really thrown into prison.

It was owing to their own "faults of temper," as the conjugal phrase goes, and not to the prowess of adversaries, that the butchers at length succumbed. Good men, loathing murder, had no part at all in the conflict which preceded the end of "the Terror." Robespierre himself was the man who (from overreaching ambition, or from hatred or dread of his brother-terrorists) rose up (with the Commune at his back) against the more blood-thirsty members of the Committee, and it was only in the confusion resulting from the victory of men worse than he was, that honest people at last found courage to interpose.

Until the end thus came, the submissiveness of France knew no bounds. The Reign of Terror was also the Reign of Law. Every scoundrel who sat round the green table in the Committee of Public Safety, and agreed to the daily list of victims, was as amply invested with legal authority as any grand-juryman who brings in a "true bill" at our English assizes. The scaffold reeked, but the women—bringing their work with them—who came every day to see "Madame Guillotine" fed, could at least, say, that from the cutting of the hair of the victims to the removal of their bodies, and the baskets containing their heads, the whole proceeding was strictly legal, and sanctioned, besides, by universal suffrage. Paris was quiet. Order reigned. Never, perhaps was the law so respected.

But what is the meaning of all this? Were people all madly wicked? Not at all. Only a few were wicked; the rest were cowed. *Cowed!* A whole people, a brave people cowed? Well, the explanation seems to be this: The executions began, continued, increased in number, and therefore, of course—in one sense—it was by the will of God that they took place. Then, again, they were ordained by the law of the land. These two considerations so effectually reinforced the selfish motives which inclined men to shrink from the immediate danger of resistance that there resulted that fatal guilt which has been the cause of so much evil in France—the guilt of resignation. * * * * *

Whatever counterbalancing merits may be reckoned in defense of the Faith, it seems impossible to doubt that this selfish vice, the vice of guilty resignation, is diligently taught by the Roman Catholic Church, and taught, unhappily, with a success which does not attend its other and more moral efforts. What makes the matter worse is, the people, with the best natural dispositions and the most lively consciences, are precisely those who are the most surely corrupted and demoralized by religion thus misapplied. The very men who, by their station, their character, and their natural goodness of heart, might seem to be the best qualified to stand by their country in her hour of trial, and more than all others exposed to this mo al palsy. *If Hampden had been a good Roman Catholic, he would have paid his ship-money.*

Considering the known bravery of the French race, we used always to marvel at the decision taken by the nobles who emigrated when threatened by the dangers of the Revolution; *but some part, at least, of the required explanation is furnished by the circumstances of their having been bred up as Roman Catholics.* It might have seemed that, in their gay, brilliant time at Versailles, they were free enough from the sway of religion; but they were all men who had been piously taught in the days of their childhood; and when the hour of danger came the fatal lesson of resignation, which they had received in their early days, refastened itself upon their minds and concurred with their selfish fears in inducing them to shrink from the duty they owed to their country. Besides, the brilliant vigor of the women in France has an incalcuable effect in inspiring the courage and enterprise of the men; and if the "better half"—the by far better half—of the nation becomes so piously desponding of human resources as to be preparing for death, there must be imminent danger of a collapse on the part of the men. When French regiments go into action they like to be led by a woman;* but who would expect great achievements from the men of a Zouave batallion if the neat-footed vivandiere, who so prettily marches at their head, were to begin prematurely despairing of victory, and crying out for a priest?

The working of this poison—the poison which the French call "clerical," is exemplified in the little book now before us. We there see the pious and blameless "variety" of the "*grande dame*" practicing every virtue and coming after all to the scaffold with angelic sweetness; no fathers, no husbands, no sons, no lovers throwing any sort of impediment in the way of all this organized murder; and by the time we have finished the volume, we begin to understand how the divine lesson of resignation to the will of God may be taught, and taught, and taught by priests till it ends in producing resignation to the will of demons.

After making the extracts from the book before him, the writer concludes his article as follows:

The moral *we* draw is, that neither men nor women should be brought by priests or deacons into that state of mind which fits them to be trampled upon without resistance. Charlotte Corday was the superb exception; but in general, both by nature and habit, the Frenchman has always been but too well inclined to meet the approaches of tyranny with a shrug and "*que voulez vous?*" and it seems perverse in the extreme to aggravate this baneful weakness by applying to those who were only "victims" the grand appellation of "martyrs," and confusing the idea of submission to Heaven with that of submission to scoundrels.

We would like to see how *Harper's Weekly* would handle the statements and conclusions of our Scotch enemy. Would *Harper* agree that JOHN HAMPDEN would not have resisted the agressions of CHARLES I had he been a good Roman Catholic?

As we have before remarked, if the Church be at fault at all in her teachings, it lies in the direction indicated by the writer in *Blackwood*, but we are far from admitting that the individual Catholic is always prohibited from combating wrong. CHARLES CARROL, of Carrolton, could have gone to Confession and Communion immediately before or after he signed the Declaration of Independence, and in all probability he did both, for nothing so strengthens the pious Catholic in a hazardous undertaking. Neither HARPER nor BLACKWOOD are right in their criticisms. The Church teaches obedience to existing authority, *but when there are two or more authorities claiming the allegiance of the individual, the Church does not dictate to him which he shall obey.* The Catholic, we admit, is not so apt, on account of this teaching, to take up the sword for the redress of grievances. This may be a fault, but that it is one on the right side we think all will admit.

But it was not our intention to try to combat the statements made by the writer in the *Edingburgh Magazine*, but to show that our enemies could make as strong a case against us on one side of the question as on the other. We think we showed the true position of the Church in such matters in our issue of October 5th. She goes on with her divine mission regardless of the changes in forms of governments. The narrow-minded complain because she does not change to suit the whim of some popular demonstration, and cry aloud against her. With one she is too cringing, with another, too imperious; but, directed by GOD himself, she is always *right*.

VOCATION.

HOW many of the Protestant ministers have really found their vocation? How many of them practice what they profess? When we have visited their magnificent churches, all ablaze with light, and resounding with the voices of salaried singers; looked upon their congregations, made up of the ultra fashionable, who have toiled all the week to get the best of their fellows, and come on Sabbath to pray for better success the next week; these thoughts have puzzled us more than a little. If—we reasoned—their vocation is to drawl out dull nothingness to inattentive ears, or to vary the monotony now and then with sensational nonsense on "Short Beds" and kindred subjects, always, of course, ignoring the word of God and His teachings, then, perhaps, they have found their vocation. But, on the other hand, if their duty points another course, if it directs them to follow in the footsteps of Him whom they pretend to preach, if it forbids them to entertain vain and worldly thoughts, if it commands them to aid the weak and despairing, to visit and comfort the sick, to warn people of their sins, even though they hold the dearest pew in church, to teach morality to men and virtue to women, then we sorely doubt that their vocation has been found. Now, if this be true—and Christianly speaking, we believe it is—the Protestant churches of our city furnish not a few most misguided individuals, whose state is indeed pitiable. Where, among the eloquent divines, who hold forth to fashionable audiences one day in each week, and perhaps gamble in stocks or speculate in real estate during the other six days, shall we find the good Christian man who has really taken up his cross to follow the Lord. Do they visit the sick? Yes, if the sick be one of the influential members of the church and society—if the invalid be one of the lady members who always did admire the Reverend Doctor's preaching, and has been so kind to the Reverend Doctor's lady; but if the sick be of the other class: that class for whom no pews are provided, no sermons preached, no prayers offered, whose abode is not among the fashionable quarters, but perchance in the back alleys, where dirt and poverty are in the ascendant, is the same alacrity shown in hastening to the bedside? The Reverend Doctor rarely hears of these, and as rarely pays his visit to them. Besides, has he not his own to care for? Is the father of a large and interesting family to injure his strength, perchance endanger his life, in the cause of those who have no direct claim on him at all? His first duty is to his own; what would become of them if he were to contract contagion in the hovels of the poor? Send somebody else—the physician for the body, since the physician of the soul refuses to go. We do not mean to blame these sleek, well-fed individuals for the part they are playing in the great comedy, for they are getting good pay for it, and a most enviable living, but we simply enter our protest against this making of the holy calling a trade, for into a trade is it degraded by them. All over the country they have reared their theological colleges, from whence every year issue forth a swarm of students all eager to get a living and a chance to preach. Protestant fathers call John is to be a lawyer, Thomas a doctor, and William a their sons together and allot to each his task in life. preacher. It does not matter much to William, his father, or anybody else, whether he has a calling for the ministry; the life is an easy one, and there is a chance of a fashionable congregation an elegant church, and a large salary. William is willing, and goes to the Seminary—perhaps he is like other young men, and now and then outrages the proprieties of a theological teaching. Well, it is overlooked, and William is more cautious in the future. But if, in after years, when William is presiding over a rich congregation in a rich city, he should happen again to forget himself, and the elders and the elder's wives should roll up their eyes and painfully eject him from his charge, it is because the flesh is weak, and not because William had no vocation for the ministry. The Williams are coming to the surface quite frequently of late. There is a ministry into which none are admitted unless they show unmistakeable signs that they have a vocation for it. That ministry visits the sick, rich and poor alike; that ministry acknowledges the claims of all mankind for its assistance, and rebukes sin alike in great and small; that ministry is of the Holy Catholic Church.

THE WAR OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY AND SEVENTY-ONE AND ITS RESULTS.

SINGULARLY CONVERSE RESULTS OF THE GREAT FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870-1 UPON THE POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CONDITION OF THE RESPECTIVE COMBATANTS.

AS AFFECTING GERMANY.

THE great Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has effected a revolution in the political, religious and moral status of the respective belligerents quite the reverse of what was expected by the opposing nations themselves, and by neighboring civilized communities, generally—a result not yet fully comprehended by either of the combatants, or by the nations, witnesses to the tremendous struggle.

The aspirations of the Germans were to secure, by the war, the unity of "Fatherland;" and to get rid of the many petty tyrants to whom they were subject, and whose oppressions, expensive and profligate establishments had to be supported by the indigent toiling millions, and to achieve for themselves and their posterity that rational political freedom and independence, under a great central political system, which is their inalienable right, but to which themselves and their ancestors had hitherto been strangers. These aspirations, coupled with an ardent desire to overcome and humiliate their former conqueror and rival in arms, and to lighten the burthens of taxation, appear to have been the object of the Germans in the war. To achieve these results, they seized with alacrity the wager of battle so wantonly and unrighteously thrown down to them by the vain and flippant French—blinded alike by the halo of their past achievements in arms, by their material prosperity, and by the infidelity and corruption of their moral and social life. The hostile nations joined issue in the shock and thunder and carnage of battle, and the bravery of the Germans and the righteousness of their cause triumphed, after a series of the most gigantic and appalling battles and sieges recorded in history, in every one of which they were victorious.

The season of triumph and rejoicing over such unprecedented achievements having terminated, and the time arrived for the "lance and falchion to be turned into the plow-share and the pruning-hook," let us inquire if the German people are reaping the well-earned fruits of their victories. Have they got rid of all their petty oppressors, lightened the burthens of taxation, and, above all, secured to themselves the inestimable blessing of civil and religious liberty, their inalienable right?

Does it appear by the record that these blessings have been secured, their ends attained? Do the acts of the Emperor and his Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who have ruled Germany since the war, justify such a conclusion? Alas, no! We perceive with indignation that the Germans have but exchanged masters; that they have merely put aside one system of tyranny, that a more despotic and cruel system may reign in its stead. For the pageantry of the petty kings and princes and royal dukes they have substituted military chiefs, who carry with them the rigor and absolutism of the camp into the administration of civil affairs. Joined with these are haughty barons and over-bearing favorites, reveling in the spoils of France and the largesses bestowed upon them by the central despotism of Germany, who lord it over the oppressed peasantry with a hard hand, corrupting the morals of the people by their profligate example and by their ill-gotten gold. We see that, instead of the burthens of taxation being lightened and the expenses of government diminished, they are increased beyond precedent—in some sections of the Empire, four-fold; as in Hanover and the heretofore *free* towns, for example.

We see, indeed, unity in the camp and political prisons, but of civil and religious liberty, we see not a gleam; we see instead, liberal deputies expelled from the Reichsrath, fined and immured in loathsome dungeons for daring to give public expression to their liberal political sentiments; we find religious orders, celebrated all over the world for their beneficent works of mercy; for their laudable efforts in the education of youth, the dissemination and cultivation of literature, the inculcation of moral and religious truths, and the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, expelled from their homes, their property confiscated, and themselves exiled from "Fatherland," for conscience sake. We see the brave Catholic soldiers, but for whose fidelity and gallantry on the field of battle the triumph of German arms would have been impossible, insulted in all that they hold most dear; their religion reviled and its pious pastors ostracised by that Monarch and his Chancellor, who, when the battle raged the most deadly, were forced to admire and decorate them for their self-sacrificing bravery and devotion to their sacred calling—the ministering to the spiritual and temporal comforts of the wounded and dying German soldiers. In fine, instead of the blessings of civil and religious liberty and reduced taxation, we behold Germany groaning beneath the heel of military oppression and the cruelty of religious persecutions, the whole country turned into one vast military camp, given over to the rigorous exactions of the higher officers of the army and the proverbially exclusive, tyrannic and domineering caste from which these officers are, and have been recruited.

Kaiser William and his Chancellor, finding themselves securely established with the army, invincible and faithful, have thrown off that disguise which they wore so long and so successfully, to the deception of their dupes. They have now resumed their true characters, and that rôle so congenial to their nature as tyrants and persecutors of Germany — characters which the banded bravery and patriotism of Germany made such a gallant effort to destroy in the memorable days of '48, but they failed; leaving the accomplishment of their designs and aspirations to more auspicious times. Germany, which, since that time, possessed some political rights, and some slight degree of religious tolerance, has, since the late war, been utterly deprived of all civil and religious liberty.

If other evidences than the inexorable logic of events were wanting to prove the truth of what is here written, the vast exodus of Germans fleeing from oppression and persecution in their native land to this country is, in itself, the strongest and most incontrovertible proof. But the tyrants are determined to prevent this exodus, this alternative of slavery or expatriation; they have given orders to arrest it, and are resolved that their unhappy subjects shall live and die in bondage, body and soul united in their oppressive fetters. This is the unity achieved; such are the results of the war to Germany.

Thales, the most celebrated of the famous seven wise men of Greece, used to thank the Gods for three things, one of which was, that he was a Greek and not a Barbarian; let us learn of him, and thank the Sovereign Creator of the universe that we are American citizens, living in this broad land of freedom and of enlightened tolerant and noble impulses, and aspirations; notwithstanding the many faults and idiosyncracies of its people, (for what social or political system is perfect) it is immeasurably the most noble, independent, generous, liberty-loving people and country of the world. Therefore, I say, let us give thanks to God from the depths of our hearts, that we are not living under the iron despotism of Germany, or under any of the intolerant and tyrannical governments of Europe.

In our next issue we shall consider the effect of the war upon the political, religious and social condition of France.

THE DOMINICAN FRIARS, EXILES FROM GUATEMALA.—The Milwaukee *Catholic Vindicator*, of September 28, says: The exiled friar-monks arrived in this city on last Sunday evening, Sept. 21st. They number thirty-three, among whom there are thirteen fathers, an equal number of clerical and seven lay brothers. The news of their coming from Chicago transpired but a few hours before their arrival, yet the indefatigable and large-hearted Guardian of our Milwaukee Capuchin-Convent, Rev. Father Ivo, with the generous aid of the faithful, was enabled to receive them hospitably and to quarter them comfortably. As if by a magic wand of that celestial being, Christian charity, whole crowds came swarming along to lay their choicest gifts at the feet of those holy confessors of the Catholic faith.

We are informed that three fathers-professors and thirteen clerics are going to take up a permanent residence in this city, pursuing their philosophical and theological studies, and the study of the English and the German languages, to fit them for future missionary labors in the United States. The rest of them will find an asylum in the houses of Calvaria, Fon du Lac County, and in the city of New York, and consecrate their labors to the Catholic people of this, the only free country of the old and new world. May the fate of these worthy sons of St. Francis impress anew the minds of every true Catholic with the truthful words of the father of his country, "that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

CATHOLICS IN CALIFORNIA.—John W. Forney, writing to the Philadelphia *Press*, from San Francisco, says:

The Catholic priests and Jesuits kept alive the spirit of civilization, however rude, in these lovely solitudes, and ruled and educated the Indians. And it must also be said that the Catholics and the Quakers have shown far more wisdom and sagacity in the treatment of the aborigines than the Government. William Penn, in the great State immortalized by his name, and the Jesuits, in early Mexico, are memorable examples of this fact. Nor do we forget the great influence of the Irish element on this coast, far more effective than the German, because of the facility of its assimilation with the Americans. This race has been of vast influence in trade and society. Broderick was a Catholic, and he numbers his followers by thousands. Peter Donahue, of San Francisco, is another. He visited this coast in 1844, and became identified with the men who poured into California two years later. President of the pioneer "Forty-Niners," he is as fine a specimen of such Americanized Irishmen as the Malones, Flynns, McAvoys, and the Dohertys of Lancaster and Dauphin counties, in my native State. Then we have Miles Sweeney, who left Philadelphia in 1849–50, with a number of others, and reached San Francisco after the most terrible sufferings, and who is now the head of a large and growing influence. He is President of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, and is greatly esteemed.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

UNDER the caption, "Every Man has his Price," the *Boston Pilot* complains bitterly of several Catholic papers for publishing as an advertisement the first chapter of a demoralizing Irish sensational story. We would suggest to the *Pilot* that in all probability the editors of those papers had not read that chapter until they saw the comments of the *Pilot*, or at least until it had been published, so the only censure we would make would be one of carelessness. They would naturally suppose, from the fact of its being sent to them, that it contained nothing either against the Church or the Irish

people. Some of the remarks, however, of the *Pilot*, are good, and we approve them :

Far be it from us to say that all the newspapers have their price. But we are of opinion that a good many of them have. Among those that have not, we have always placed on the head of the list our Catholic papers. One would think that no price could buy a Catholic paper to do a discreditable act. They are not composed of such materials as other papers. They are not read by their subscribers as other papers are read. Nobody ever expects to find in a Catholic paper the demoralizing trash that fills too many Protestant journals and "story papers." The man who subscribes for a Catholic paper can take it home and give it to his children to read, quite confident that they there will find nothing injurious. This was the belief we have cherished with regard to the respectable Catholic press of America.

One of the most demoralizing influences in this modern age is the cheap and vulgar literature that is swarming on the news stands. This is an admitted fact, and the Catholic press—honor to it—has taken the front rank in opposition to the poisonous tide. One of the most prosperous of these weekly "story papers"—and therefore, one of the most injurious—has of late been making a violent bid for the Irish support by placarding the country with colored advertisements of "A Thrilling Irish Story." When we saw the placards first, we said to ourselves—"Heaven help our poor girls, who work together in shops, and have no good friends to tell them what to read and what to avoid." Here was a direct appeal to them, The proprietors of the paper in question, thinking that if the *Pilot* were to speak for them they would make a great hit, sent us an advertisement of the story, and a $50 cheque to pay for it. We sent both back, and we felt certain that every Catholic paper in the country would do the same.

We were disappointed, we are sorry to say, heartily sorry. Five Catholic papers have come to our office—and three of these are the most pretentious and claim to be of the highest respectability—containing not only the advertisement but the first chapter of "The Thrilling Irish Story." Shame upon them.

Now, we don't want to crow over our contemporaries because they have done this and we have not. We shall mention no names; let each in silence put on the cap. This is a shame—a most palpable humiliation. We cry down demoralization, but the demoralizers can buy our support for $50! Shame upon these Catholic papers. Surely they are not so poor that they could not exist if they refused this money. If they are, let them die in God's name and not in the devil's. From some of them we do hope better things. Let this be the last weakness, friends. Our mission here is too high and too holy to be soiled by such a habit.

THE *Irish People* discusses the position of affairs in Europe. The article being short, we give the whole of it :

It is evident to every intelligent observer that the aspect of affairs at present in Europe is not at all promising, owing to the civil and religious questions that now agitate the new German Empire. We thought, and had naturally reason to expect, that the great victories achieved at Sadowa and Sedan, and the consolidation of the Empire, which afterward followed, would contribute to an era of peace, prosperity and contentment. But, alas! these, our cherished hopes, were doomed to disappointment. The haughty and unprincipled Bismarck has left nothing undone to mar the tranquility of the Empire and the contentment of its people. His latest and most cruel act was his order commanding the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Federal territory, within a period of six months from date of issue. Could any policy be more uncalled for—could any treatment be more cruel, wanton and unjust? What arguments does this arch-Crusader give in justification of his course? Simply this: that a conspiracy has been discovered in their order, which might in time prove a hindrance to the progress of German unity. No accusation could be devised more false and intolerable. What think ye of it, Catholics of Christendom? Here is a man, extremely jealous, of the first rank, and revelving in his head various plans of self-aggrandizement, accusing a body of men of conspiracy, and as being enemies of the State, whose order strictly commands them to love all men as themselves, and permits them to avenge themselves on their most cruel enemies only by benedictions, and by prayers.

Can it be said that such men are enemies to the State, who devote themselves, without the slightest remuneration, to the education of youth, who t ar themselves from the embrace of friends and charms of country, to make known the excellence of evangelical morality, and show its harmony with the wants of man. No! Public sentiment, in an unanimous voice, declares the contrary. Their accusers should also recall to mind that in the last great struggle between Germany and France, none were more untiring in their efforts to alleviate the wants and administer spiritual consolation to the soldiers on the field, than those same devoted sons of Ignatius. We now behold the reward of their charity and zeal. It is an insult not only to the Catholics of Germany, but those of the whole world. All are acquainted with the history of those great men, and the brilliant exploits performed by them for the last three centuries, in all countries; and knowing this, can see at a glance how foolish is the order commanding their expulsion, or meddling in any way with the Church of which they are the honored representatives.

Bismarck and his colleagues may force them into exile, but it will be temporarily; and when he and his partisans are departed and forgotten, the humble followers of Ignatius will return to their country and institutions, bearing the proud motto of their victory "*Resissi, Resurgimus.*"

THE Philadelphia *Standard* of October 5th has several very finely written leaders, all long. We are at a loss how to make an extract from so much good matter. The article on "the Protestant reformation, its end, the banishment of God from the world, and self-sufficiency of man," is very good, and we, after reading the following, each of our readers, will excuse us for making so long an extract :

Christians, Catholic and Protestant, are accustomed to agree in this, that the great object of our adorable Redeemer in coming into this world was its redemption from error and sin; and that the completion of this work requires that he shall subdue all its people to the dominion of His sceptre, and *with supreme and unbounded sway reign King of Kings and Lord of Lords*. From a thousand pulpits, wherever the gospel of Jesus Christ is professed to be preached, this proclamation is made, and listened to, and accepted as a truth by approving auditors, and yet we feel bound to assert that just as universally as it is asserted professedly, so universally it is denied in fact, outside of the Catholic Church. We live in an age of Christianity—so we are told—and in a Christian country. We profess to be a Christian nation; and yet, when we look at the nations of the earth, as represented in their governments—our own among the number—we do not find a single Christian nation on its face; not a solitary nation, whose government really acknowledges Christ to be its King and Lord, and allows Him to rule and have dominion over it. There was a time—alas! the time is past—when the nations of the earth, wicked and sinful as they and their rulers were, might be called Christian; when, however disobedient and disloyal at heart to Christ they might be, they nevertheless acknowledged His power and submitted, even though it were unwillingly, to His commands. Now it has come to pass that His right to sovereignity over the nations of world is denied, and is limited, at most, to individual man. His kingdom—we are told—is of heaven, and not of earth. Civilly considered, Christianity, or the Christian Religion, is but a mere system of thought, admirable it may be, as a means whereby men govern their individual actions and bring themselves into pleasant relations with God—if there be a God—just as

"The fear o'hell's the hangman's whip
To hand the wretch in order;"

but that there is any necessity for it, so far as the well-being of society is concerned, is an idea obsolete and absurd. "Religion," we are explicitly told, "has nothing to do with politics," and the assertion passes current with axiomatic force, so that its denial is sure to bring the scorn and ridicule and pity of society at large. The ignorance and barbarism of past ages is clearly traceable, and it is currently said—to the priestcraft and religion then existing, which swayed both the people, and their rulers. In the age of Luther dawned the day of liberation of the intellect of man from the captivity in which it had been held.

But in actual fact in those days "Religion, the Church, the Pope have nought to do with the policy of my kingdom," was the battle-cry of kings in their contest with the Catholic Church; and the study of history teaches that his cry meant the self-sufficiency of the State, the capability of the State to exist and govern not only the actions, but also the minds of men in matters of conscience and religion, as well as in those of social well-being. As a result of this "Reformation and emancipation of the human mind from the thraldom of the Church," there followed everywhere an increased captivity of the conscience of man to the arbitrary will of his ruler. The temporal advantages of society, the necessities of the kingdom—which meant the success of the political projects of the rulers, or their pecuniary aggrandizement—were made the rule whereby to measure and regulate the scale of right and wrong; and thus it came to pass that God *as a ruler* was banished from secular governments; His temples were desecrated and despoiled, the gifts of pious hearts to Him, torn from His altars to enrich the coffers of secular rulers or their favorites, monasteries seized and their revenues confiscated, and Christians persecuted. Religion was made the child and product of the State, and whatever form of religion civil rulers professed was forced upon their subjects. In the sphere of Religion, the State thus assumed the duties of the Church; nay, in fabricating new forms of religion, it dared to assume the prerogatives of Deity Himself.

This conditions of things, although truly the legitimate result of the emancipation of the State from accountability to the Spiritual Order, and of the application to it of the doctrine of Private Judgment, became unsatisfactory, and called for a new reform. If it be not fitting, it was then said, that the Church shall control the State, it is equally unfitting that the State shall control the Church, and consequently the sentiment went forth, "The State has nothing to do with Religion."

Accordingly, State Religions have been discarded, where they formerly existed, and where the State formerly assumed the duty of fostering, supporting and protecting the various forms of worship adhered to by its subjects, it has ceased to do so, and universal toleration has been proclaimed. But by granting toleration in matters of religion, the State has not abrogated its claim to dominion over the Church, nor enfranchised it; nor has it absolutely granted to its subjects the right to worship God as they please. On the contrary, the State universally prescribes, in a more or less definate manner, the sphere in which the Church is free to act, and approves or prohibits the particular forms of religion which the citizen is to adopt. This it does not do by proceeding against the Church, *as a Church*, but, by passing such civil regulations as militate against it, the State forces the members of the Church to become trangressors of civil law, and is thus enabled to proceed against them, not as Church members, but simply as disobedient citizens. In this way it can, at its will, countenance and promote the interests of those religions most conducive—it being judge—to its interests and persecute those which are not.

The practical effect of this new reform, as regards the Church, has been denial by the State of the existence of the Church as a veritable reality and objective fact. In the eyes of the law the Church, as a Divine organization, has no existence. Religion is a matter of pure thought, relating man to a creature of his own imagination called God, or if God be a real existence, there exist no relations between the State and Him.

Nations and governments have nothing to do with Him; He has nothing to do with them; His kingdom is limited to Heaven. Men have civil rights on earth, but God has none. He can not own a single tenement. His own temples are not *His*, but the property of His worshippers; and only theirs by the most insecure of tenures. The revenues of His own institutions are limited by legislation to a minimum; and though, with a liberal hand, public aid is extended to railroad corporations and secular institutions, when that aid is asked in behalf of religious benefactions, it is granted with reluctance and with parsimonious and miserly stint. In all legislation relative to religion there is evidenced a fear lest the Church become too powerful, and the interests of the State suffer thereby. Yet why should this be the case? How can it be the case, if God be the Ruler of the Church and of the State? No reason can be given other than that the State arrogates self-sufficiency and superiority for itself, and disowns God as its Ruler.

THE *Northwestern Chronicle* maintains that marriage is the secret of the apostacy of priests. We clip the following from its leading article :

When Martin Luther, the ex-Catholic priest, declared, as D'Aubigne says, that he would go to the Diet of Worms although every vile on the houses was a devil, he meant to marry an ex-nun. When *Pere ex*-Hyacinthe declared against the Infallibility of the Church, he meant to marry a widow, forty years old. What a fall was there! No priest, no layman could take upon himself everlasting vows and forsake them without a prompting motive. Every priest of the Church who has forsaken the altars has illustrated in his after life the cause. So it was with Luther—so it is with Charles Loyson—ex-Pere Hyacinthe. Why? Was there any reason why so eloquent a man as Loyson—so learned a man as Hyacinthe, should have raised his voice against the "ultramontane" doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope, when he himself had been preaching it, impliedly at least, all his poor life, as an obscure priest, at first, and with the thunders of eloquence afterward, before the altars of Notre Dame? No. It was so before, when the Church was called upon *authoritatively* to announce the glorious doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Why did the Church do this? To enunciate any *new* idea? Not at all. It was, and is, and must be, the basis of all Christian Theology and Faith in all Churches and underlying all creeds. It was to resist the spread of Infidelity that the Church took this decided stand. If it was not an Immaculate Conception, what was it? Again, when it was well known that the hosts of Infidelity were thundering against the walls of Christian Faith, the Church, with the resistless armor of God, declared to men that Her teachings, as pronounced and interpreted through Her chosen Head, were infallible. Is there anything wrong about that? Is God not infallible? No one denies it. Then why should His Church be *fallible?* Answer, all ye ends of the world. Now, is there anything in this to make one forsake the altars of God? Was there anything in the doctrine of an intermediary sacrifice and penance that should have caused Luther to have married?

It is true now, as it was one hundred—one thousand years ago—that as the Church ascends, step by step, to the throne of God, on which she will lay the cross of martyrdom, and her grand mission on earth fulfilled, that apostates will fall off. But yet, he who runs may read, that these apostates only sought an occasion to prove their faith. The wish was father to the thought.

Now, what does this mean? We have cited the great examples of Luther the first, and Hyacinthe the last, of any notoriety. It is the same with a hundred other names on the dip of the pen. And all this for marriage—a civil contract, and nothing more, under the laws of America. The laws of the United States require no formality to accomplish this holy sacrament except as prescribed in the State statutes, and they require the license in order to show that the parties are of lawful age *to contract;* or, that the representative of the minor gives away his child or his ward. Is this not true? The Constitution of the United States says that no State shall pass a "law impairing the obligations of contracts." Marriage, under the laws of the country, is nothing more than a simple contract—no more than selling a horse—not required, as a contract for the sale of real estate, to be in writing. Then, how can a State, by what it presumes to call divorce, invalidate the contract of marriage for any cause? This is a conundrum for the lawyers. We shall hereafter recur to it. It is a great idea, as correctly understood.

What reference has all this to do with the heading of this article? Is it an argument? Oh, no; we did not mean to do that. We invite argument. Argument is what we have been after all this time. We do not fear the light of eternal day.

HOME RULE is the vital question now agitating Ireland. The *Catholic Herald* claims that this is based on the broadest and fairest principles of equal rights for Catholics and Protestants. Says the *Herald:*

Both are subjects of the same Government—both stand equally before the bayonet or the cannon of an enemy, and both should have equal rights in the lnnd. Is Protestantism afraid to stand upon its own bottom in Ireland, that it is so exercised at being cut loose from its English mother's apron strings? Does it still frighten itself with the fanatical and exploded idea that "Home Rule means Rome Rule?" And if Ireland were to fall under a Rome Rule, what of it? Would Ireland suffer by it? Let Ireland's past history answer the question; for Protestantism, we very much fear, would have to hang down its head if called upon to answer such a question. But we are not asking for Rome Rule; we want Home Rule and equal rights for all.

The time has now arrived when Irishmen want to be free in Ireland, just as Englishmen are free in England. They feel that they live in a country which is blessed by heaven with vast industrial and commercial resources, and they want to go to work and develop those resources. They have a fertile country, and they desire to improve it and derive that benefit which the laborer is entitled to for his labor—they have rich mines, and they wish to make the hidden wealth they contain available to the whole country—their waters abound in fish, they want the fisherman to find employment which will support his family, be that fisherman Protestant or Catholic.

The Irishman feels that GOD has given him children, and that he is accountable to that GOD for the manner in which those children are educated; and he wants to be allowed to decide how those children are to be educated without the interference of Englishmen or Scotchmen, who have nothing in common with him.

The Irishman feels that he is capable of self-government, at least to the same extent as Scotland and Wales, and that, whether Protestant or Catholic, he has a right to a certain kind of "Local Option."

The Irishman feels that the time is at hand when the feuds which an ignoble spirit has for centuries kept alive should perish forever; that no political or religious divisions should hereafter impede the prosperity of his country. He looks upon the recent riots in Belfast as an additional evidence, if any more were wanting, to show how necessary Home Rule is for Ireland, for such riots are only the result of the unchristian spirit that foreign rule has nurtured for ages. The old policy, "divide and conquer," must give way before the new and only true policy of "unite and conquer," and this time the conquered party must be the prejudices and animosities of by-gone times, which must disappear before the salutary reign of Home Rule.

Ireland wants to govern herself—she wants an Irish Parliament, in which her interests will be represented by Irish representatives, whether those representatives be Catholics or Protestants. The Irish people are determined to shake off the infamous alien yoke put on them by the Act of Union, and kept on them by a foreign government that has not been ashamed to rob and plunder them without mercy.

In a word, in battling for Home Rule the Irishman wishes it clearly understood that he is not asking for one religion any more than for another—he does not dream of Home Rule—he wants, as an Irishman, the *rights* of an Irishman, and as a Catholic he asks only equal rights with his Protestant neighbor. In this matter he desires to be true and honest to the cause, independent of creed or party.

The English Parliament having failed to give satisfaction to Ireland, it is time that something else were tried—and Ireland feels that Home Rule is the only thing that will satisfy them, inasmuch as English members of Parliament feel no interest in Irish affairs beyond voting against every measure calculated to benefit the Irish people. If Canada is entitled to a Parliament of its own, surely Ireland is entitled to a similar right, for Irish blood has flown in torrents for British honor and British glory.

THE Louisville *Advocate* has a very good article on Theology and Science, from which we extract the following:

There are a number of mysteries in religion which human reason does not and can not penetrate, because, like sight, it has a limited horizon; but none of these mysteries is contrary or repugnant to reason. Catholic theology is a science which proceeds by deductive arguments, all of which are well grounded upon self-evident principles, and well connected together. The proofs of the existence of God are innumerable; God is and must be infinite in all perfections, else He could not exist; consequently, He must have the power of revealing Himself to man. Facts beyond doubt prove that He has done so. His veracity is equal to His power, and His words produce certainty and conviction in the human mind. Hence, Catholic theology is really a science which has no other parallel in human knowledge than mathematics, and which, like the latter, must be characterized by unity. The infallibility of the Church preserves and secures this unity.

Heresy, by destroying unity of belief, has attached itself to fragments which it can never harmonize without acknowledging the whole. Hence, heretical theology can never reach the dignity of science. Lacking ground to rest upon, and links in the chain, it must be essentially restless and changeable, both in its forms and criterions.

This precarious position can not escape the eye of even the superficial observer. It necessarily produces a doubt in his mind, and hence he has given himself unfettered scope of assertion. He feels the want of certainty; and if his mind is any way active, he has embarked in search of it. Unwilling to return to Catholic unity, which he knew only by the ridicule and sarcasm of its opponents, and to remain in doubt concerning a matter of paramount importance, he has sought to quiet his mind either by exploding religion or placing it upon unquestionable ground. His mode of proceeding is induction—that is, it consists in collecting parts and then drawing consequences. In this collection of facts he has come across mysteries not less puzzling than those of religion. The earth was given for the disputation of men, and investigation has only established this fact. However, it is the interest of human passions to deny the existence of God, and they have given a strong helping hand to the unbelieving investigator. Under their guidance he has frequently rejected the idea of God and his religion.

THREE "IRISH" MORMONS.

THE editor of the Boston *Pilot* thought he had found three Irish Mormons, and wrote as follows concerning them:

Last week a ship arrived in New York carrying six hundred "Mormon converts" from Europe, who proceeded at once on their way to Utah. They were mostly English, Germans, Swedes and Scandinavians; but we are astonished to see that in the miserable, ignorant herd were found three Irish people—a man from Belfast, his son and daughter. The Germans, Swedes, and Scandinavians were of the lowest class, ignorant and brutal—the men dressed in greasy, gray carpet-cloth, and some of the women having families of small children, numbering from five to eight. Evidently, Brigham Young's agents know just the kind of converts to make, and while they do their work so well there is no fear of the depopulation of Utah. The English converts were mostly shabby young fellows, like decayed clerks, who, no doubt, took advantage of the opportunity to emigrate without expense. Like Wilkins Micawber, they were probably waiting for something to turn up, when the Mormon missionary came along. We can understand how such as these came over in a Mormon gang; but who or what are these pariahs from Ireland? The papers describe them as "an Irishman and his family." We can only say that we don't believe it. There isn't a man in Ireland so utterly degraded. There isn't a jail-bird in Spike Island prison who would win his liberty by turning Mormon. There isn't a drunken, shabby clerk in Ireland's cities who would call himself a Mormon, and act the lie for all the gold in Utah. There isn't a girl or a boy over ten years of age who would accompany a father so degraded as to become a Mormon. He must be an Englishman, who, like many another blackguard, gives an Irish name when found out in mischief; or he may belong to that wretched class of human beings who of late were found in Belfast—the Orangemen, who were disowned by the Orange Society for their bad conduct. God forgive him, anyway; we'd rather see him remain an Orangeman than turn Mormon. John Rea is a better man than Brigham Young. One is a fanatic—the other is a swindler.

After all it appears that they were not Irishmen. Father BURKE, in his lecture at the Coliseum, thus refers to them:

The reporter of the *Herald* newspaper went to them and he said to them: "In the name of God, tell me this: have you become Mormons?" And they said, "We have." "Why, my God," he says to them, "didn't you come from Ireland?" And the answer he got was this: "Well, we come from the north of Ireland, but ye see we are all Scotch bodies." (Laughter and applause.)

INSTALLATION OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.

A dispatch to the Associated Press gives the following particulars of the installation of Archbishop Bayley: "The installation of the new Archbishop, Bayley, at the Cathedral yesterday, was the most brilliant religious ceremony ever witnessed in Baltimore. None were admitted but those having tickets, notwithstanding which at least 5,000 people were crowded within the building, while fully as many more were assembled in the streets around the church, all anxious to see the new prelate and witness the imposing ceremonies. The arrangements were all made under the direction of the Young Catholic Society, who were present to the number of several hundred. In the procession were the following Bishops: Becker, of Wilmington, Delaware; Gibbons, of Richmond, Virginia; Mullen, of Erie, Pennsylvania: Wood, of Philadelphia; Domenec, of Pittsburgh; Persico, of Savannah, Georgia; and O'Hara, of Scranton, Pennsylvania. All of the Bishops of the Province were present, except those of Wheeling and St. Augustine. Archbishop McCloskey, of new York, came next, followed by the new Archbishop, Bayley, and Rev. Fathers McManus and Lee, who were deacons in honor. The interior of the Cathedral was grand beyond description. The steps of the main altar were adorned with massive vases, with flowers; the tabernacle was surrounded with wreaths of flowers and evergreens, and lighted up brilliantly with wax tapers. The side altars were also beautified in a similar manner. The great feature was the Archbishop's throne, the canopy being nearly all of flowers. Among the floral decorations were a crown and cross composed of rare flowers, presented by President Grant for the occasion. Bishop Wood, in the absence of Bishop Whelan, senior Bishop, delivered the pallium, with brief and merely formal remarks, and after receiving it, the Archbishop delivered his sermon, which was in a familiar, paternal vein; the Archbishop modestly depreciating his fitness for the office and expressing the wish that the honor might have fallen on one more worthy, at the same time expressing a sense of the new and responsible duties conferred upon him. Referring to the responsibilities of Catholics, he said it can not be denied that a terrible tempest has borne on the See of Peter—a violent storm has assailed it and beat against its strong walls with furious menace and fierce blows; but like Him in the Sea of Galilee, we must not be men of little faith in all that concerns the protection of the Holy See. The old vessel has stood out the blasts of too many storms to go down in this age of the Christian world. Nothing can take our duty from the Church; it is a guide to us in everything. Catholics always avoid wrong. Who ever saw a good Catholic join the Internationals or become a Mormon, or make women's rights speeches? At the close of the discourse the Archbishop took the prescribed oath of office, after which the *Te Deum* was sung, and the ceremonies were over."

HYPOCRISY AND HATE OF THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PARTY.

IN the past two issues of *The Catholic Union* we endeavored to show from historic records that the spirit of antagonism to Catholicity, the spirit of proscription on account of religious belief, whereby it was (and is) sought to deny to Catholic rights and privileges equal to those of other American citizens, is coeval with the formation of this Government. We at the same time warned our co-religionists against being led away by delusive promises and soft words into such close affiliation with party as to leave themselves unprepared to act, when necessary, as becomes freemen and Catholics, in defense of their legitimate rights under the American Constitution. Those of our readers who perused the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* of Tuesday last, whatever may be the party (if any) to which they are attached, must be fully satisfied that we had good reason for writing as we did. In whatever we have said concerning the present attempt to revive the spirit of Nativism or Know-Nothingism, our readers will bear us witness that we committed our journal to neither of the parties striving for ascendancy in the national councils, and advocated the claims of no candidate, either for Presidential or Gubernatorial honors. And, indeed, we have no right to make *The Catholic Union* a special advocate of either party. There are times and occasions, however, when the American Catholic journalist would be untrue to his high calling should he fail to make known to his readers the dangers which threaten them, as *Catholics*, and as equal citizens of the Republic.

And, talk as men may, that time has come. We are not, we never have been, an alarmist; but a somewhat attentive study of American political history has familiarized us with the manner in which the anti-Catholic mania invariably takes its almost periodical rise, and, after succeeding for a time, is just as invariably swept away from the surface of our national politics. The old issues which gave life to parties in the past are dead and buried, and the leaders are casting about for new ones by the advocacy of which they may either attain to or remain in power. Dean Swift, on one occasion, giving advice to young clergymen as to the selection of subjects for pulpit consideration, said, "When all else fails you, pitch into the Pope." A class of American politicians act on this principle. When there is small chance of creating the excitement necessary to political life—when old issues have served their term and are devoid of further political usefulness—the Catholic question is readily seized upon, and made the stalking-horse on which this class of men seek to ride into power and place. This is the history of the past; it will be the history of future years. It has been proved that an influential portion of the American people, as earnest as they are fanatical and bigoted, are ever on the watch for the recurrence of that peculiar condition of things when new political questions are wanted, when fresh issues are in the vocative; and, when it presents itself, the proscriptive policy, in some phase or other, is forced in to do duty, by its advocates. And so it is now. During this canvass, any observing man may see how the Catholic question has gradually assumed greater importance, is becoming more and more prominent as we approach the Ides of November.

All the hypocrisy, all the deception, all the appeals that were made to a false patriotism, or rather to a false sentiment which assumes to be patriotism, under the old Federal, the Nativist and the Know-Nothing eras, are observable among the Proscriptionists to-day. The approaches are slow, but they are meant to be sure. The nomination of a Catholic gentleman for gubernatorial position opens the way for reviving the spirit of bigotry, and as the public eye and ear becomes familiarized to the new condition of things political, the declaration of the Proscriptionists becomes bolder and bolder. In our own city of Buffalo we can trace the onward course of this proscriptive policy. When Mr. Kernan was nominated, we had hints thrown out that the nomination might be a polical dodge, a bait to catch Catholic votes; but nothing positive was declared. A little later, we read in the Buffalo *Express*, "our Democratic friends are greatly distressed because the Republicans do not assail Mr. Kernan for his religious opinions." Mark how the cloven-foot is here concealed—"do not assail" him. Still further on, as the canvass progressed, we find the *Express* asking, "Are our public schools in danger?" and telling its readers that "Mr. Kernan himself graduated from a Jesuit College, [the poor Jesuits can not escape, even here] his accomplished daughter was educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Albany, and one of his sons is now studying to become a priest." Then we have the *Commercial*, the right-bower of this Proscriptionist party, assuring *its* readers, that "the Roman Catholics in this State will "*undoubtedly* vote for the State ticket put up by the Fusionists, *because* that devoted Roman Catholic, Francis Kernan, is at the head of it;" and so on, bolder and bolder, until, innuendo being given the go-by, the *Commercial*, in its Tuesday's issue, threatened, in a certain contingency, "to press the question home to the people: Do you want a Roman Catholic or a Protestant for your Governor?"

Now it does not require a very great degree of intellectual ability in any one to discern the fact that in the very language which the *Commercial* employs, it has really accomplished the end it seemingly threatens to bring about. It *has* pressed the question it "threatens" to press. The question is a mean, narrow, despicable, unconstitutional, anti-American one, to be sure; but the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* takes little heed of those undesirable attachments which to the truly honorable

political journalist would be decided *impedimenta* in the advocacy of any cause. We have given this much space to this matter because of justice required it. The danger is imminent that our past political history will repeat itself; that further and bolder attempts at the proscription of Catholics are intended; and it remains for those against whom the unwaranted blow is aimed to make use of such means as the laws and the Constitution have put in their power to ward it off.—*Buffalo Union.*

MEXICAN EXILES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THERE are at present a large number of Mexican exiles in this city, principally from the State of Sinaloa. They comprise capitalists, merchants, lawyers and Government officials of various grades. Several arrived by last steamer, having been banished by the revolutionists who lately captured Mazatlan. One of the number has a long communication in one of the Spanish journals published here, in which he defends General Flores, Military Governor of Sinaloa, from the charges of imbecility, cowardice and treason. Flores, it seems, did not make a heroic defense when the revolutionists attacked Mazatlan. The writer insinuates that the ex-Governor Rubi is to blame for the disasters which befell the Government troops, as Rubi had a large force, and marched from the city for the purpose of defeating the revolutionary chief. The friends of General Rubi will undoubtedly refute the insinuation. While Governor of Sinaloa, Rubi displayed fine military ability, and was respected alike both by Americans and Mexicans.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

LIVERPOOL WHEAT MARKET QUOTATIONS.

AS much interest in the matter of the correctness of the telegraphic quotations of California wheat in the Liverpool market has been excited since the publication of our article last week, we now enter into further details, which show conclusively how the farmers of our State have hitherto suffered from this system of false reports. The table that we herewith lay before our readers shows the real prices of California wheat in Liverpool as opposed to telegraphic quotations for fourteen months, from July 4th, 1871, to August 30th, 1872, with the exception of January, 1872, December, 1871, and a few other weeks for which we could not get files of the English papers. As the newspapers and the public both were equally unprepared for our exposé, which showed such an immense discrepancy on the part of the telegraph, we do not wonder that the *Evening Bulletin* should assert that there must be a mistake somewhere. There is, however, no mistake, as the table we publish conclusively proves. No valid attempt has been made to disprove it. If possible, there would not be any slowness in the effort to do so. It has been said that the telegraphic quotations represented probably the average prices of good wheat in Liverpool. We anticipated this assertion. But the remarkable correspondence of prices between telegraphic quotations and the reports of the semi-weekly markets, taken from the *Mark Lane Express*, conclusively disprove this. From July 4th to July 18th, 1871, the quotations given by the *Mark Lane Express* show a continual rise; so do those given by telegraph. On the 21st of July the former fell; so do those given by telegraph; on the 21st they rise again; those given by telegraph rise also. The former continue to rise steadily from July 25th to September 29th; so do the latter. From the 29th of September to the 31st of October the Liverpool market, on the authority of the *Mark Lane Express*, remained stationary; the telegraph represents it almost as stationary also, save a rise of 2d., or four cents, on one occasion. On the former authority the market falls to the 10th of November; so states the telegraph also. Then, according to the former, it rises to the 24th of November; so also it does according to telegraph. By looking through the table our readers can see the same correspondence throughout the whole table, save in one or two instances. Now, if it was the average price of wheat generally in Liverpool, this correspondence would not be found; as, by looking through the files of the *Mark Lane Express*, it can be seen that other wheats do not rise and fall in the Liverpool market as does California, but very frequently quite the contrary. Again, the average prices of wheat in Liverpool would be far below even those contained in the telegraphic quotations, as California and Chile wheat lead the market, and the greater proportion of the wheat sold in Liverpool never averages more than 11s. or $2.64 per cental. In fact it is seldom that it reaches that figure. The *Bulletin* has also stated that the prices telegraphed here are those telegraphed to all the great cities of the Union. Now here it has made a mistake. It is very seldom that the principal papers in the most of the cities mentioned publish Liverpool wheat quotations; and when they do, they do not give those telegraphed to this city. The Chicago papers do publish the same rates, but they publish them as those of *white* wheat, of which the only brands in the Liverpool market that at all come near the telegraphic prices are those of California and Chile, which are practically the same. But the *Bulletin* confirms us in this matter. On turning to the files of July 11th, 1871, it will be seen that it states positively that the quotations per telegram are those of California wheat in Liverpool. At any rate, they are meant to be taken by the public as such, so that were the *Bulletin* even right, the result would be the same. What we want the dailies to tell us is the price of California wheat in Liverpool—none other is of any use. The following table shows the extent of the falsifications. *

Year and Month. 1871.	FEDERAL COIN. Prices as quoted by Mark Lane Express.	Prices quoted by Telegram.	Av. Dif.
July 4	$2.82 to $2.88	$2.80	5c.
July 7	2.84— 2.90	2.80	7c.
July 11	2.82— 2.88	2.80—2.82	4c.
July 14	2.82— 2.88	2.80—2.82	4c.
July 18	2.82— 2.88	2.76	9c.
July 21	2.80— 2.86	2.72	11c.
July 25	2.82— 2.88	2.74	11c.
July 28	2.84— 2.88	2.74	12c.
August 1	2.78— 2.88	2.76	7c.
August 4	2.78— 2.88	2.76	7c.
August 15	2.78— 2.88	2.78	5c.
August 18	2.78— 2.88	2.80	3c.
September. 1	2.82— 2.92	2.86	1c.
September. 5	2.94— 3.06	2.92	8c.
September. 8	2.98— 3.12	3.00	5c.
September. 19	3.06— 3.24	3.04	11c.
September. 22	3.04— 3.22	3.02	11c.
September. 26	3.08— 3.28	3.06	12c.
September. 29	3.12— 3.32	3.10	12c.
October 10	3.18— 3.32	3.12	13c.
October 13	3.18— 3.32	3.12	13c.
October 17	3.18— 3.32	3.16	9c.
October 20	3.18— 3.32	3.16	9c.
October 24	3.18— 3.32	3.16	9c.
October 27	3.18— 3.32	3.16	9c.
October 31	3.18— 3.32	3.16	9c.
November. 3	3.14— 3.30	3.12	10c.
November. 7	3.12— 3.30	3.10	11c.
November. 10	3.10— 3.28	3.08	11c.
November. 14	3.12— 3.30	3.12	9c.
November. 17	3.12— 3.32	3.12	10c.
November. 21	3.12— 3.36	3.12	12c.
November. 24	3.12— 3.36	3.12	12c.
November. 28	3.08— 3.12	3.10	....
December 1	3.06— 3.12	3.06	3c.
1872.			
February 6	3.04— 3.12	2.96	12c.
February 9	3.04— 3.12	2.98	10c.
February 13	3.04— 3.12	2.98	10c.
February 16	3.04— 3.12	2.98	10c.
February 20	3.04— 3.12	3.00	8c.
February 23	3.04— 3.12	3.00	8c.
February 27	3.04— 3.12	2.96	12c.
March 1	3.04— 3.12	2.94	14c.
March 5	2.94— 3.04	2.92	7c.
March 8	2.94— 2.04	2.82—2.88	14c.
March 12	2.88— 3.04	2.82—2.88	11c.
March 15	2.84— 3.00	2.82—2.88	2c.
March 19	2.84— 3.00	2.76	16c.
March 22	2.88— 3.04	2.84—2.88	10c.
March 27	2.88— 3.04	2.82—2.86	12c.
March 29	2.88— 3.04	2.82—2.86	12c.
April 2	2.88— 3.04	2.80—2.84	14c.
April 5	2.88— 3.04	2.80—2.84	14c.
April 9	2.88— 3.04	2.80—2.84	14c.
April 12	2.88— 3.04	2.80—2.82	15c.
April 23	2.88— 3.12	2.84—2.94	11c.
April 26	2.88— 3.12	2.88—2.96	8c.
April 30	2.92— 3.12	2.90—2.96	7c.
May 3	2.94— 3.14	2.90—2.96	11c.
May 7	3.00— 3.20	2.92—3.04	12c.
May 10	3.16— 3.26	3.00—3.12	15c.
May 14	3.16— 3.28	3.08—3.12	12c.
May 17	3.02— 3.24	3.04—3.08	7c.
June 18	3.12— 3.24	3.00—3.06	15c.
June 21	3.10— 3.22	2.96—3.00	18c.
June 25	3.12— 3.24	2.96—3.00	20c.
June 28	3.12— 3.24	2.96	22c.
July 2	3.00— 3.20	2.94—2.96	15c.
July 5	2.96— 3.12	2.96	8c.
July 9	2.96— 3.12	2.96	8c.
July 12	2.96— 3.12	2.92—3.00	8c.
July 16	2.96— 3.12	2.92—3.00	8c.
July 19	2.92— 3.20	2.84—2.88	20c.
July 23	2.96— 3.06	2.82—2.88	6c.
July 26	2.96— 3.06	2.82—2.86	17c.
July 30	2.88— 3.00	2.84	10c.
August. 2	2.86— 2.94	2.80	10c.
August. 5	2.84— 3.00	2.80	12c.
August. 9	2.90— 3.06	2.88	10c.
August. 13	2.98— 3.18	2.96	11c.
August. 16	2.94— 3.16	2.94	11c.
August. 20	2.92— 3.12	2.84	18c.
August. 23	2.92— 3.12	2.84	18c.
August. 27	2.92— 3.12	2.84	18c.
August. 30	2.98— 3.18	2.96	12c.

Misquotations are continued right through the fourteen months, with one single exception. On the 28th of November, 1871, the true average price of California wheat in Liverpool was telegraphed to this city. For the rest, the telegraph quotations are from 1c. to 22c. lower than the real ones. The average of all is 10 1-2 cents.

The farmers might protect themselves by the establishment of a Wheat Bureau in Liverpool, which shall be established for the purpose of giving our agriculturists and merchants, through the telegraph, to our State Union, the true quotations in that market, of finding out the wants of the Liverpool and other English and European markets, of tabulating the imports, exports, crop returns, prices obtained for all grades of wheat, quantities sold, and of finding out and publishing facts of interest as to shipment, tonnage, etc. The cost of such a branch would be a mere bagatelle; its benefits would be incalculable.—*Rural Press.*

* The *Press* gives in its tables the price in sterling, but we deem it entirely unnecessary.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE REPOSITORY OF TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE difference between Christianity and Heathenism showed itself as soon as the disciples of our Saviour commenced their work, in the charity which animated the former, and the entire want of it which characterized the latter.

A like difference exists between Catholicity and Protestantism. The want of charity in Protestantism, of course, is not so marked as in Heathenism, because, after falling away from the Church, the Reformers were, to some extent, under the infiuence of her teachings, and were unconsciously influenced both by their own antecedents and by the example of charity, which the Church constantly exhibited. They continued, too, to hold fragmentary portions of the body of truth which the Catholic Church believes, and which was committed to her to preserve and teach. And as truth finds its perfect fullfilment in charity, and ever impels those who hold the truth toward charity as its own proper end, so among the schismatical sects, the obligations of charity are never entirely lost sight of, although in practice shamefully neglected, and in principle greatly misunderstood.

There is this obvious difference, too, between the relations to charity, both theoreticcl and practical, of the Catholic Church, on the one hand, and of Protestantism on the other. In the case of the first, charity is taught and practiced as a matter of perpetual and universal obligation—as constituting in principle the very life and soul of true religion, and in practice its ripest fruit and highest development. In the case of the second, it is represented as a virtue, but not, by any means, as the highest form of Christian virtue, nor as an essential element of Christianity; but as a virtue, which, under some circumstances, and at some times, may be left unpracticed and ignored in view of other matters of greater importance and higher obligation.

That we are not doing injustice to Protestantism in thus speaking is shown by the frequency with which Protestant writers excuse the manifest want of charity exhibited by the Reformers and their adherents during the "Reformation," and subsequently, on the ground that the times were unfavorable for the exercise of this virtue, and that the Reformers were naturally men of energetic temperament and stern character; that the influences that surrounded them were illy calculated to make them amiable or tender-hearted, and that they were too much engrossed with other and more important subjects to give the subject of charity that consideration which, under different circumstances and in a different age, would have been proper. The fact that this apology, constantly repeated under different forms, for the shortcomings of Protestantism, is generally accepted by Protestants as sufficient, proves conclusively that they do not regard charity as of perpetual obligation, nor as a necessary and essential element of true Christianity.

This broad and fundamental difference between Catholicity and Protestantism, however, we hope to make more obvious toward the close of our remarks; we, therefore, pass on to illustrate from the records of the Church in past ages, how she has ever met and been justified by the test which our Saviour Himself established for determining who were truly His followers. In doing this, too, we shall furnish incidentally an exposure of the fallacious apology by which Protestantism seeks to excuse, but by which she really condemns herself for her admitted want of charity.

When we open the earliest records of the Christian Church, the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, we are confronted by language which proves that to the Church the duty of charity was revealed as a matter of perpetual, constant obligation, whose practice was the sum of the religion of our Saviour, and which was not secondary to any other Christian virtues, but to which all other forms of Christian life and virtue were subsidiary.

"I give you a new commandment," says our Saviour, "that you have charity for one another." "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples." "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." "Let

all your actions be done in charity." "The end of the commandment is, charity from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith." "Before all things, have a mutual charity among yourselves; for charity covereth a multitude of sins." "Above all things, have charity, which is the bond of perfection." "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." "And now there remain faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Equally explicit is the language of our Saviour and His Apostles, in regard to the practical exercise of charity: "If any man say that he love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

And here come in the practical tests of charity. "In this we have known the charity of God, in that He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother have need, and shall shut up his bowels of compassion from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" "My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

We have quoted these well-known passages from the sacred Scriptures at length, in order that we might, from sources whose inspiration even Protestants generally acknowledge, and which they claim to be their rule of faith, exhibit the features of that divine charity, whose likeness every one will perceive in the Catholic Church, and whose unlikeness to Protestantism is equally obvious.

When we turn to other records of the Church of the first ages, we find similar evidences of the high regard entertained among the early Christians for charity and of its universal exercise.

St. Clement, the fourth Pope, in his letter to the Corinthians, whose genuineness all now admit, written A. D. 97 or 98, says: "We know many among us who have given themselves into chains to redeem their brethren. Many have sold themselves to others as slaves, and used the price paid to them for themselves to feed the hungry."

Some of the Christians of those ages devoted themselves specially to the work of entertaining Christian travellers. This seems to have been the case with *Gaius*, who was commended by St. Paul, on that account, (Rom. 16: 23.) and also by St. John, (see his 3d Epistle).

The bishops and priests were accustomed to exhort each congregation to keep its poor comfortably clad. Where able to do so, the bishops maintained hospitals and asylums for the sick and destitute, and where unable to do this, they had a portion of their own houses, or of the Church, set apart for charitable purposes. Some of the laity had an apartment which was called "*Christ's room*," specially set apart for the poor.

St. Justin (the martyr) refers to similar practices, (A. D. 141) which had then evidently assumed an organized form. In his first defense of our faith, made to the Emperor Antodius Pius and the Roman Senate, he says that it was the custom to take up a collection among "the wealthy and the willing," which was "handed over to the one who presided,"—the bishop or the priest—"who with these funds aids orphans, widows, the sick, the needy, those who are in chains, strangers, travelers—in a word, he is expected to take care for all the indigent in his flock." And so obvious and well systematized was the work of exercising charity in the Church in those early ages that the Emperor Constantine, after his conversion, and all his successors for some ages, (except Julian, the Apostate) committed to her the distribution of grain for the poor in all the imperial cities. In the Theodosian Code we have evidence that the Church, in some dioceses, owned ships, which were employed in procuring provisions for their own flocks, and, in cases of extraordinary want, sending help to destitute communities in remote countries.

St. Augustine tells us (*De moribus Ecclesiæ Christianæ*) that the earliest monks of the deserts of Africa purchased stores of grain with the proceeds obtained by the sale of the baskets and mats which they made, and freighting ships with these stores, they sent them into every port of the then known world.

The faithful, when occasion required it, turned their own houses into hospitals or asylums, where the sick were cared for, the stranger made welcome, the orphan provided with a home, and the hungry and weary found refreshment and rest.

Even on Mount Nitria, on the borders of a torrid desert in Africa, a house for travellers and strangers, and for the sick, was attached to the church, which was provided with attendants and physicians to take care of them. And the holy Cenobites of the desert who abstained from flesh-meat and wine, and contented themselves with bread and water, spent a great portion of their time in manual labor so as to obtain means for relieving the destitute.

Pope Cornelius, A. D. 250, in the ages of persecution, supported 1,500 poor. St. John Chrysostom says, that "the Church of Antioch, though possessed of but a small revenue, gave daily sustenance to 3,000 virgins and widows, besides the travellers, lepers and prisoners usually cared for, and the food and raiment furnished to clerics." And this great saint was so little satisfied with the number and extent of the charitable institutions which he founded and sustained, that whenever he received presents of sufficient amount, he immediately erected another benevolent establishment, so that, in addition to the name of Chrysostom, which was given to him on account of his eloquence, the people of Antioch and Constantinople fondly called him "John of Almsdeeds." Of Eugene, the Archbishop of Carthage, it was said, that "the only way to get him to keep any money was to give it to him late at night when he had no opportunity to give it to the poor *until the next morning*." The great St. Basil, besides other charities, founded a hospital famous for centuries after his time, of such extent that Gregory, the writer of his life, says: "Take a short walk out of the great city of Cæsarea, and you soon come to a new city built for the sick and the poor."

St. Athanasius called St. Theodore even out of the desert, and having ordained him priest, gave him charge of the poor, and emigrants and travelers, for whom he had provided a large institution at Alexandria.

The learned St. Epiphanius, born A. D. 310, was distinguished for his knowledge of Hebrew, Egyptian, Syriac, Greek and Latin literature, yet his charity was said to even surpass his learning. The wealthy made him the channel for dispensing the most abundant alms, some, like Olypias, placing estates of great value at his disposal for the relief of the sick and poor.

In nothing did the charity of the Church contrast more widely with the entire want of it, on the part of Pagans, than in respect to prisoners, captives and slaves.

The Church immediately turned her eyes of compassion upon these miserable beings, and her charity flowed out toward them without measure. Her sentiment was ever that which breathes through the language of St. Paul: "With God there is no respect of persons." "For in one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free." "For you are all children of God, by faith in Jesus Christ." Step by step, as she found the means of doing so, she ameliorated the condition of the slaves and limited the power of the masters, enjoining upon them the exercise of kindness, mercy and consideration, and imposing severe penances in cases of harshness and cruelty. So, too, she proceeded, step by step, in securing their emancipation, until, without any violent outbreak or social revolution, the miserable slaves and serfs of antiquity have become the freemen of to-day.

A similar tenderness was manifested by the Church for captives taken in war. We know their fate in the days of Pagan rule. "*Væ Victis*," "*Woe* to the *Vanquished*," was the universal rule. They were put to the sword or sold as slaves. These captives the Church regarded with the tenderest compassion. She devoted a portion of the contributions of the faithful to their succor and redemption. She made systematic arrangements for visiting them and consoling them. Even before the death of St. John, we learn from St. Clement that many Christians voluntarily gave themselves up to captivity and chains to redeem their brethren. No prison was so noisome, no dungeon was so dark, no mine so deep, no country so remote or barbarous but Christian charity penetrated them in search of the captive, and for his relief. St. Cyprian says, that in each city a deacon was appointed to take special account of the faithful who were in chains; and St. Ignatius, a disciple of St. John, who was martyred at Antioch in A. D. 107, says of these deacons, "they are imitators of angels." An account was kept of all those who were exiled for the faith into distant regions, or condemned to the frightful condition of slaves working in the mines. Messengers were frequently sent to them with money, and whatever else could be applied for their relief and comfort. Many of the faithful traveled great distances to visit the confessors in the mines. As an instance of this, five Egyptian Catholics, who had been on a pilgrimage of this kind, even into the wilds Cilicia, were arrested on their way homeward in Cæsarea, Palestine, and received the crown of martyrdom A. D. 309, by being put to death for the faith by the Pagan governor of that city. Societies devoted specially to the succor and redemption of captives were subsequently established, as is well known; and even the ornaments of the altar, and the sacred vessels of gold and silver were sold for this purpose. Of this, the fact that this resort, when other means failed, was not unusual, is proved by the decree of the Council of Rheims, which inflicts the punishment of "suspension from his functions on the bishop who shall have destroyed the sacred vessels for any other purpose than the redemption of captives." And the 12th Canon of the Council of Verneuil, held A. D. 844, contains like evidence.

Nor were these exceptional instances of the charity exercised by the Church. They are but illustrations of her uniform sentiment and action throughout the first ages in every country which her children inhabited. Our records of the early Church are but scanty, and yet the evidences which they furnish of the universal charity of Catholics will convince the most skeptical.

The very epithets applied to the early popes, bishops, martyrs and saints, the inscriptions on their tombs show this. Scarce a fragment of Catholic antiquity has been handed down to us but makes incidental mention of some charitable act or institution. Scarce one great name of all the most learned, wise and holy men and women of the early ages can be mentioned that was not distinguished for acts of charity, and more dear to the poor and distressed than to any one else. Nothing was admitted as lawful that stood in the way of charity. Even the great St. Anthony abandoned his desert and appeared with his sheepskin cloak washed white as snow, in the crowded cities and in the mines, to comfort his persecuted brethren. The blessed Ephrem, who, after many labors and travels, had retired to his beloved mountain cell in Mesopotamia, no sooner heard of the famine that afflicted the poorer classes in Edessa, than he at once gave up his holy retirement, and, hastening into Edessa, he prevailed upon the wealthy citizens to aid their brethren.

That this spirit of charity continued to pervade the Catholic Church during subsequent ages needs no elaborate argument or lengthy array of historical testimony to prove. Every one knows that in every country which the Church converted, throughout the middle ages, she infused the spirit of charity. That in them all alike she planted schools, asylums, hospitals and refuges of every kind, for the poor and oppressed. In fact, she so revolutionized and elevated the sentiments of mankind, and filled Europe with her benevolent and religious institutions, that there were no poor, in the modern sense of the term. Poor there were, but they were not then, as now, despised, degraded outcasts, regarded and treated as worse than criminals, but cherished as objects of special regard, because in the same condition in which our Saviour was born and lived. Hence they were often called "CHRIST'S *poor*." Paupers, in the present sense of the word, there were none. In fact, the charity of the Church during the middle ages has been made ground for censure. It has been alleged that by her ample provisions for the poor and suffering she demoralized society, and encouraged idleness, by taking away the apprehension of want, and the consequent incentive to labor. It is aside from our present subject to defend the Church against this false accusation. The charge itself, however, evidences the fullness of the Church's charity.

That the Catholic Church of the present age is pervaded by the same spirit of charity needs no proof. It is self-evident. Wherever she exists there her charitable institutions and orders are to be found. Modern society has not a single benevolent idea that it does not owe to the Catholic Church.

Modern religious sects have not a single charitable institution that the Church had not before them, and in which she does not now outstrip them in zeal and devotion. Wherever she plants the cross, there she preaches regard for the poor, compassion for the suffering, protection for the weak and infirm, and charity for all. Her asylums for orphans, for widows, and for the aged; her hospitals for the sick and the suffering, follow immediately after, if they do not rise along with, the walls of her chapels and churches. Her orders of mercy accompany her priests and her bishops. Her prelates erect their monuments in the charitable foundations which during their lives they establish; and her Sovereign Pontiff ever acts out the maxim, "He who would be greatest among you let him be your *servant*," and from the never-failing fountain of his charity, not only continually succors his children throughout the world, wherever they may be suffering, but also relieves the wants of his enemies when famine or distress come upon them. Many a mouth has been filled with bread by the benevolence of our Holy Father, Pius IX, which had vomited curses and imprecations against him.

The charitable institutions of the Catholic Church are noted for the effectiveness with which they accomplish the object of their institution, for the real *benevolence* and *charity* which they display.

The Protestant institutions of the same kind are but too frequently remarkable only for their entire failure to realize the ends of their creation, for the harsh spirit which characterizes them, and the cruelty which connects itself with their routine administration.

This brings us to the second part of our subject—the want of charity in Protestantism. But we are here reminded that we have already filled, if not exceeded, the space assigned to us. We defer, therefore, the discussion of the want of charity in Protestantism to a future occasion, concluding simply with the remark, that when Catholicity is subjected to that test which our Saviour himself instituted—the presence and exercise of charity — her divine origin, character and grace, like gold in the crucible, shine forth the more brightly the more severely it is tried.—*Catholic Record.*

APACHES ON THE WAR PATH.

SAN DIEGO dispatches of October 14th say: "Private correspondence dated Tuscon, Arizona Territority, 8th, says: On September 30th, the Apaches attacked Hughes' Ranch, near Camp Crittenden, and killed a Mexican, named Christ Orello, and stole a number of animals. Word was sent to the post, and Lieutenant Hall, of the Fifth Cavalry, took fifteen men to the house on the ranch, where Mrs. Gabena and children were besieged. The Indians, who were about one hundred strong, with breech-loading guns, retired into the mountains near by, and defied the troops to attack them. The disparity being so great, no fight was attempted.

Lieutenant Hall then dispatched a Sergeant and five men to warn the farmers further down the Sonoita Valley of the danger. On the return of this party, when near Hughes' Ranch, the Indians attacked them and killed Sergeant George Steward, Corporal William Nation, and privates Edward Barr and John Walch, all of the Fifth Calvary. The bodies of all the men were found and buried. Just as this sad duty was performed, an order was received by Lieutenant Hall, from General O. O. Howard, directing that Indians on roads and in the mountains be not fired upon, unless engaged in the actual commision of outrages. The same directions went to all post commanders south of the Gila River, with the advice of General Crook. This order of General Howard was issued the same day of the aforesaid murders. General Howard was then in the Dragoon Mountains with the noted Cachise, making an effort to get that chief to go on a reservation. Thus it is, while one or more branches of the Apaches are slaughtering soldiers and citizens others are being coaxed with bribes not to do so.

On the 6th instant a large band of Apaches, coming from the Santa Rita Mountains, attacked a party of American and Mexican miners, some thirty or more miles south of Tuscon, and robbed them of all their riding and pack animals, and probably killed two of the men, as they have not yet been heard from, although all but the missing two are known to have got away with their lives. There seems to be a fixed determination of the Apaches to kill off everybody in the Sonoita and Upper Santa Cruz valleys, and the officers at Camp Crittenden believe the Government-fed Apaches at Camp Grant are the ones doing the work of death and destruction. All are armed with the best of guns, and have fixed ammunition.

FRANCE.

WE clip the following from the Paris correspondence of the *Westminster Gazette:*

Communist daily newspapers are continually making dupes by exciting the anti-Christian prejudice of their readers against schools directed by Christian Brothers and nuns. Gratuitous and obligatory instruction is spoken of as something new in the world, when it is only one of the old Catholic principles revived—the obligation to instruct children. What is modern is the word *lay*. The word lay is opposed to the word clerical, therefore let us examine what is meant by the word lay. Have Communist daily newspapers taken the trouble to examine into the character of the men who form the majority in councils-general that vote in favor of lay instruction? Have they studied the lives and characters of those who in municipal councils vote against schools supported by Communal funds being placed under the direction of nuns and Christian Brothers? If Communist newspapers will take the trouble to make that examination, they will find the word lay means a man who lives an anti-Christian life, who never goes to church on Sunday, who reads indecent books, who never reads a meditation or says a prayer, who is the enemy of every religion, let it be Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, or any other sect; such is the real meaning of the word lay in the language of Communist journals. There is no necessity to be a Christian Brother or a nun to be a good schoolmaster; there are saints in the married life as well as in every walk of society; but every Christian father will agree that purity of life, of thought, of action and of deed, are necessary in a schoolmaster to direct the tender minds of children. Have Communist journals, their readers, and the public, ever examined the spirit and religious feelings in normal schools, where lay schoolmasters are educated? What will they find? Professors imbued with the theories of Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and such-like authors. The most skeptic father, provided an atom of religion remains in his heart, can not advocate such masters for the education of his children. Communist journals will tell you that the example of ex-Father Hyacinthe will be followed by a large number of priests, who are going to renounce their vows of celibacy. Let me ask their readers if they would receive Hyacinthe Loyson into the intimacy of their family? if they would accept him as tutor of their daughters? At present, a *vertige* has taken hold of the better judgment of mankind. The world is unable to distinguish between what is good and what is bad, between good health and disease. It shows the depth of impiety and irreligion of our epoch. The world believes only those who feed and flatter their passions. There is only one remedy left—Catholic Associations—to expose so many errors and falsehoods, and restore better logic and better common sense.

The vile and scandalous attacks against the Jesuits at Brest has ended in the acquittal of Father Dufour d' Astafford. The judge declared the good father had been maliciously calumniated, and the jury has confirmed that opinion.

CONFERRING THE PALLIUM.

IT is officially announced that Archbishop Bayley will receive the "Pallium," and be formally installed as Archbishop of Baltimore, on Sunday, the 13th inst.

The ceremony of conferring the Pallium is not accompanied by much pomp. The Prelate appointed to confer the Pallium sent by the Holy Father, on the set day, enters the church with the Archbishop elect. When the celebrant of the Mass has made his communion, the Pallium is laid on the middle of the Altar, and covered with the silk in which it has been brought. Then, the Mass being finished, the Bishop that is to officiate with mitre, amict, stole and pluvial, sits on a faldstool, before the Altar, and, in the name of the Holy See, receives the oath of fidelity of the Archbishop elect, who is clad in all the Episcopal vestments, as if he were prepared to say Mass—except that he is without mitre and gloves. The Elect then kneels and takes the same oath prescribed for a Bishop elect. Then the officiating prelate rises, with his mitre on, takes the Pallium from the Altar and puts it on the shoulders of the Archbishop Elect, who is still kneeling, saying, as he does so: "To the honor of Almighty God, of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul; of our Lord Pope Pius IX, and of the Holy Roman Church, and of the Church of Baltimore committed to thee, we give thee this Pallium taken from the body of the Blessed Peter; in it is the plenitude of the Pontifical office, with the title of the Archiepiscopal name. It is given thee, to use it in thy church on certain days set forth in the privileges conceded by the Apostolic See. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The officiating prelate forthwith takes off his mitre, and retires to the Gospel Horn of the Altar, and the Archbishop rises, and ascends to the Altar, having now, for the first time, his Archiepiscopal Cross before him, but without the mitre on his head, and gives his blessing to the people in the solemn form—"*Sit nomen Domini,*" etc.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

FARM NOTES.

OUR American farmers talk a great deal about worn-out soils, just as though land would not remain fertile forever if as much plant-food was returned to it as taken out. In the agricultural districts of Europe a farmer is expected to constantly increase the fertility of his land instead of wearing it out.

Mr. Lewis, of England, made experiments with soil owned in one family a thousand years. He sowed a piece continuously to wheat for twenty-seven years, with an average crop of fifteen and five-eighths bushels per acre. A piece in barley nineteen years, gave twenty bushels per acre; and a piece in grass, fourteen years, gave 2,600 pounds a year. This soil, consequently, represented the condition of the soil, with the ordinary cultivation and rotation as practiced; but similar land of the same farm, to which fourteen tons of manure had been applied, produced thirty-six bushels of wheat and thirty-six bushels of barley; and with two hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia and three hundred of phosphate, it produced forty-eight bushels of barley. This, again, shows the value of manure in England and the increased fertility of its soils through the application of manure; and any farmer, knowing the cost of manure in his locality, may easily estimate whether it will pay him to use it or not, bearing in mind always that it is much cheaper and easier to keep up the fertility of the soil than to bring it back when once it is impoverished.

FERTILITY OF WATER.—The following is an extract from the speech of the Hon. Robert B. Roosvelt in the House of Representatives, May 13th, 1872, comparing fish culture with agriculture:

The relative fertility of the water and the land is altogether in favor of the water. An acre of land will produce corn enough to support a human being, but an acre of water will support several persons, and could readily be made, with proper aid, to sustain the lives of many more. The former requires manuring, working, planting and harvesting; the latter merely requires harvesting; and that, where the fish are sufficiently abundant, is hardly labor at all.

While the yield from the land is reasonably large, the profit is exceedingly small. The field must be plowed, and harrowed and fertilized; the corn must be planted; it must be plowed again; and still again, must be hoed; and at last the ears must be stripped, husked and ground. What is the net result of this compared with the natural increase of fish growth in abundance, almost without effort, finding their own food, and finally taken in some net which does its fishing while its owner is sleeping?

RULES FOR MANAGEMENT OF COWS.—Never buy a cow of a dairyman, for if he is a good manager he will sell only his poor animals.

To determine which cows are the best for keeping, try their milk separately, and weigh their butter—for sometimes a cow may give much milk and little butter, and *vice versa.*

Cows should run dry six weeks before calving—if milked closely before calving the calves will be poorer.

A cow newly come in should not drink cold water in cold weather, but moderately warm slop. Calves intended for raising should be taken from the cow within a few days, and they will be less liable to suck when old. Feed them first with new milk for a time, then skim milk, taking care that all the changes are gradual, by adding only a portion first; add gradually a little meal.

Calves well fed and taken care of, with a quart or two of meal daily in winter, will be double the size at two years they would have attained by common treatment. Heifers thus treated may come in at two years old, and will be better than neglected animals at three, and one year of feeding saved.

Hearty eaters are desirable for cows, and they may usually be selected while calves. A dainty calf will make a dainty cow.

Heifers should become accustomed to be freely handled before calving, and their teats should be drawn. They will not then be difficult to milk. Begin gradually and never startle them.

In milking cows, divide the time as nearly as practicable between morning and evening, especially at time of early grass, that the udder may not suffer.

Persons who milk should keep their nails cut short—animals are sometimes hurt with sharp nails, and are unjustly charged with restlessness.

Old cows should be fatted at fifteen years. The dairyman, therefore, who has fifteen cows, should raise a heifer calf every year to supply the vacancy; if the herd is thirty cows he should raise two calves and so forth.

Heifers dried up too early after calving will always run dry about the same time in after years—therefore be careful to milk closely the first year, until about six weeks before calving.

Spring cows should come in while they are yet fed on hay, and before they are turned to grass, which will be more likely to prevent caked bag and milk fever.—*Annual Register.*

WHEAT AND BREAD.—One-fifth of the wheat crop is lost to the world every year for purposes of human aliment. It is lost in the bran, and is fed to the animals; it is because the nutriment sticks so closely to the bran, which is the skin of the wheat-grain, that it can not be separated by any means yet known. The only plan is either to get the skin off before the wheat is ground, or to grind all together, and eat it all together, without attempting to remove the bran; this makes Graham bread, bread made of the whole of the wheat-grain. If children, until the age of ten years, were made to take this alone with milk, for their breakfast, it would give them perfect teeth, hard, white, and enduring; their bones would be stronger, their flesh firmer, and their general constitutions so much improved, that there would be a comparative exemption from the ordinary diseases of childhood. It would make our children like the Scotch, who so largely live on oat-meal, which is made of oats ground up into coarse flour, and converted into porridge. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

WE have had quite a harvest of those interesting items of Roman life—archæological discoveries. You know modern Rome is built fifteen feet above the ancient city, and never do they dig a well, root up a garden, lay the foundation of a building, or pull down one, but some curiosity or other is sure to be found. The

excavation in the Roman Forum, which, in justice to that much abused man, Rosa, have been carried on in a zealous and careful manner, which redeems his Coliseum and Palatine follies, are proceeding in a steady manner, which gives promise of a rich harvest of "finds." Two or three days since a stone slab was discovered, with a basserilievo said to be of the date of the Republic, as it bears an inscription which the learned consider to be of the time of that splendid epoch of Roman history. In the Crostarosa Villa, they dug up a torso of Venus, of Greek workmanship, and discovered a small chamber very well painted, with figures of fawns. This Venus was found near where the head of a female statue was picked up two or three years back, and which is now in the Vatican. Probably the head belongs to the torso. In the same villa were also found two human skeletons in a stone chest, with gold ornaments of value still clinging to them.—*Brooklyn Review.*

A PRIEST'S ADVENTURE.

THE following circumstances, which are truth, not fiction, are related by the Jesuit Father C——, so renowned for his missionary work in Central Africa.

On the evening of the 22d December, 1867, I was in Paris, my object being partly to collect alms from some well-known and noble friends of humanity, for the orphanages and educational establishments under my care at Cairo and Chartum, and elsewhere, in which Negro children are trained up to be good Christians and future missionaries, and partly to restore my shattered health as much as possible, by a residence for a time in the milder climate of France and my own Italian home. Of the thirty-seven missionaries who left Italy, Austria and other parts of Europe at the same time with myself, for the missionary stations of Africa, twenty-five had, already, fallen a sacrifice to the yellow-fever, and other fatal maladies, under the burning sun of the tropics, and I could myself be rescued from certain death only by a timely abode at a distance from the desert sands of Sahara, or the marshes of the Niger. On that day I had gathered a plentiful harvest for my poor Negro children; gifts had been richly bestowed, and I returned to my quarters full of gratitude to God and our benefactors, though suffering under considerable fatigue. About ten o'clock, while I was saying my office, some one knocked at my door. Surprised at so late a visitor, I took up a lighted taper and advancing to the person who was entering, I inquired his wishes. The stranger, who was well-dressed, and had the manners of a gentleman, answered, as he bowed courteously:

"Pardon me, sir, that I disturb you at this late hour. I come to request you to visit a dying man who desires to speak to you before his end."

"But," I replied, "wherefore ask spiritual consolation from a stranger? Why not from his parish priest?"

"The sick man has expressly requested your aid," said the petitioner, in a decided manner. "I must, of course, leave it to you to judge whether you will grant the last wish of a dying man or not. No time is to be lost."

Without puzzling any further over this strange request, I at once followed my visitor, quickly descended the stairs and stepped into the street. A handsome carriage was waiting there. The stranger politely desired me to enter it, helped me in, closed the door quickly, and threw himself into a corner. The horses went on at a sharp trot. To my great surprise, I now saw, by the light of the street-lamps, that there were three other persons in the carriage, whose countenances were so suspicious-looking, that I was seized with alarm and made a movement to spring out. At the same moment, one of the three men seized me by the collar, while, with the other hand, he pointed a dagger toward my breast, the others exhibiting their revolvers at the same time. Escape was impossible, so I resigned myself to my fate, and earnestly prayed the All-merciful that He would grant me a good death, for I believed that my end was at hand. I suffered my eyes to be bound without offering any resistance. My companions, it is true, assured me that no harm should befall me if I remained quiet; but yet I could not but feel terrified in the society of these mysterious men. Their silence, during our long drive, seemed only to increase my alarm.

We had proceeded for about two hours, at a quick pace, when the carriage stopped. They made me alight, and led me into a rambling kind of building, through rooms and passages, up and down stairs, now to the right, now to the left. At last, some one removed the bandage from my eyes and immediately left the room and closed the door through which I had entered. I looked around in surprise; I was in a splendid room, the floor of which was spread with soft carpets. It was adorned with beautifully-carved writing-tables, chairs and sofas with the softest cushions, and golden time-pieces; all, with the landscape paintings by the best masters, which hung against the walls, testifying to the wealth of the owner of the dwelling. I looked in vain for a bed or a dying person. I remained as though spell-bound to the spot, when the bandage had been removed from my eyes. I knew not what to think.

Presently, a distinguished-looking man arose from an arm-chair in a distant corner of the room, and advanced toward me. He was in the vigor of manhood, and looked hale and well, though the gray hairs with which his dark locks were sprinkled, showed the approach of age. This person, whom I had never seen before, saluted me in a friendly manner, and beged me to take the nearest chair. I began to explain: "I have been called to a dying man, but there must surely have been some mistake, for no doubt, sir, you are perfectly well; if not, my sight deceives me."

"You are right, worthy sir; my bodily health is perfect," replied the stranger, with a sorrowful smile," but for all that, in an hour I must die; and I earnestly beg you to prepare me for a Christian death."

"How am I to understand this?" I asked. "You say yourself that you are well and strong, and yet you are to die in an hour?"

The unknown answered quietly: "To make the story short, reverend sir, I must tell you that I am a member of a secret society, and have been appointed to its highest offices both on account of the influence I possess and the ability I have exhibited in bringing some difficult matters to a happy termination. My powers and my character have been appreciated, and, for twenty-eight years, I have served the interests of our society with zeal and courage. When, however, it fell to my lot, a short time since, to have to procure the death of a wealthy and pious Prelate, who fills a high position and is generally esteemed, I decidedly refused to obey the command, although I well knew that in accordance with our severe statutes, death would be the consequence of my refusal. The sentence has been spoken, and this night I am to die. At my reception into the society I ought to have made a promise, an oath, that I would never, during my life, or, at my death, ask the spiritual aid of a priest; but I resolutely refused to take this oath, and now my request has been granted, and my earnest desire to see a priest complied with. To prevent suspicion, you were sent for as a clergyman little likely to be in the confidence of any other person."

I asked anxiously what kind of death he was to suffer.

He answered: "The kind of death is singular; a large iron fork is struck into the lower part of the neck near the collar-bone, which pierces the artery on each side. Death follows immediately, and no gaping wound remains. I have myself destroyed more than fifty of our unfaithful or illdisposed members, or seen them put to death. There is no appeal from this sentence, and any attempt to fly from it would be vain, for the secret web of our society extends over the whole world. But now, worthy sir, I beg you to receive the confession of my whole life. It will last long, for my conscience is stained with blood, with sacrilege, and with many other deeds of sin. I have but one hour of time," he continued, as he drew out his watch set with jewels, "let us delay no longer." And he kneeled by the chair.

I cast a look toward Heaven, and with more fervor of feeling than I had ever before experienced, prayed for the unhappy man! "The Lord be in thy heart and upon thy lips that thou mayest worthily and rightly confess all thy sins."

An hour might have passed when the key was heard to turn in the lock of the door, and several men entered hastily to lead away the condemned. He begged for half an hour more, as he had not yet completed his confession. This was refused, and they pointed to the time-piece which already indicated one o'clock. One of the men seized him by the arm, and would have taken him out by force but the condemned man reminded him of the promise that had been made him, that he should have full liberty in regard to the concerns of his soul, while I joined my entreaties to his. The fearful troop granted him twenty minutes longer and withdrew, after which he completed his confession. With deep contrition, yet with heartfelt joy at his reconciliation to God, he received the priestly absolution; he kissed my hand in gratitude and a secret tear fell upon it.

To my great sorrow I could not give him Holy Communion, not being his parish priest, neither should I, in any case, have had time; but I gave him a relic of the holy cross, in a silver case, which I always carried about with me as a sacred treasure, and reminded him to place his whole trust on Him who, on this wood, had made reconciliation for the sins of the whole world, and had pardoned, when dying, the repentant murderer. He pressed the relic to his lips with fervor, and then concealed it in his breast.

I then asked him whether he had no directions or commands to give me. He begged me to salute his dearly loved wife and his two pious daughters, one of whom had taken the veil in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and to give them the comforting assurance that he had been reconciled with God before his death.

"But," I interposed, "your friends will, perhaps, doubt the truth of what I say if I can give no proof of my conversation with you. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to write a line in my pocket-book, so that your hand-writing may be my credential?"

He took my pocket-book, and wrote with pencil on the last page:

Dear Clotilde:—On the moment of taking leave of this world, I beg your forgiveness for the great sorrow which you will feel at my violent death. Salute my dear children, and comfort yourself and them with the assurance that I die reconciled with God, and hope, by His mercy, to meet you above. Pray earnestly for my poor soul.—Your THEODORE.

With a a grateful bow he gave me back my book, and begged me to continue my words of consolation; but I had hardly begun to speak when the door opened, and four men stepped up to the condemned to lead him away. I placed myself before him, I pressed back the men with my hands, beged and entreated them to gspare the life of a dearly loved, much honored husband and father, and not to stain their hands with blood. They laughed me to scorn, and pushed me back staggering with their strong arms. I offered my life for his, I fell on my knees before them, and begged so fervently that I thought the very rocks must have yielded. A step nearer was the answer. The unhappy victim was soon fettered, and led to the place of execution. As he left the room the poor man cried to me in a pitiful voice:

"Farewell, worthy father! God reward you for what you have done for me. Remember me in your prayers, and in the Holy Sacrifice."

Deeply moved, I looked after him till the door closed and the steps sounded fainter and fainter through the low passages. Sinking on my knees and burying my face in my hands, I prayed fervently, with trembling lips, for the mercy and pity from God which was denied to the unhappy man by his fellow-creatures.

What I suffered in that time is known to the Almighty alone. A thousand thoughts overwhelmed me. Sometimes they were with God, sometimes with the dying man; sometimes I looked timidly around, as if I might see vipers and adders creeping upon the ground; sometimes I listened for a cry of pain. All was quiet as the grave. Drops of anguish fell from my forehead. How long my soul endured this rack, I can not tell.

But hark! there is a noise of footsteps, which come nearer and nearer. The lock springs back, the door opens, and the terrible messenger of blood again appears. There are dark spots, spots of blood upon his hands — the blood of a brother. And now they all enter the room in which is the defenseless priest.

I stretched out my hands to be bound unasked, but they left them free, and only bandaged my eyes, leading me through different passages, up and down stairs as before. One room through which we passed had a perfume of delicious essences, through another blew an ice-cold wind, with a smell of mould that froze my blood. At last they unbound my eyes. I was in a brilliantly lighted hall; beautiful candelabras hung from the gold stuccoed and tapestried walls, polished furniture stood about, silken curtains in rich folds hung about the embrasures of the windows, every thing proclaimed luxury and taste. Ladies and gentlemen went in and out; some turned to the tables of refreshment, others chatted on sofas; here you saw a merry group, there a solitary thinker. One of the elegantly-dressed women and a gentleman came to me, and were very pressing that I should take some refreshments, but I silenced their entreaties by saying that I must say Mass in the morning, and that it was already two o'clock; but in truth I could not get rid of a painful feeling of suspicion that I was not safe. They came to me no more, but when I desired to leave this mysterious company some gentleman approached, led me down some steps, again bound my eyes, and placed me in a carriage which was awaiting me.

After a journey of some hours, partly on the road, partly over soft ground, the carriage stopped — my conductor silently led me from it, and, after a few steps, placed me on something high. Was it a guillotine? was it an iron grate? was it an instrument of martyrdom? Each moment I expected that either the descent of a knife would separate my head from my body, a stroke from a dagger would pierce my heart, or that a blow from a club would shatter my skull. The perspiration flowed down my face and yet a cold air blew upon me. I remained for an hour in this deadly anguish without the expected blow being dealt. I breathed more freely, and, as I then listened with the greatest care and attention and heard no sound of human voices, I raised the bandage a little from my eyes. I saw that I was alone. I threw the bandage quickly away, sprang from the iron garden-stool on which I had been placed, and looked around by the light of the early daybreak. It was a neatly kept garden with flowers and vegetables, with plants and young trees which still wore their winter dress. Before me was a hot-house, which I entered in search of a way into the road, but the side-door only led me into a room in which stood spades, rakes, watering-pots and such-like garden implements. There was an-

other door, however, opposite, which led to a quiet-looking house, at the door of which I knocked. The door was opened by a young woman, who was a little surprised at so early a visitor. I excused myself for disturbing her by saying that I had been called to a dying person, and had lost my way; but I was silent as to the manner in which I had come thither, as I feared that the occupant of the house might be a member of the secret society.

The woman called her husband and told him I had lost my way and wanted information.

"And where am I?" I asked rather timidly.

"About three hours from Paris," answered the man.

I was amazed, and, for the moment, knew not what to say. "Three hours from Paris!" murmured I, mechanically, and sank into thought.

"Does your reverence wish to get quickly to Paris?" said the gardener. "My little cart is ready to start, and if you are not ashamed to take a place by my side in so unworthy a carriage, it is at your service I am starting for the capital, where I take flowers and vegetables to market."

I thankfully accepted the kind-hearted gardener's proposal, but not without an invitation from his wife to take a cup of coffee with her husband before we set out.

It was smoking on the table, and I was suffering from thirst, but I had become suspicious, from the remembrance of the past night, even of those who, to all appearance, were quite worthy of confidence.

Early in the morning I arrived in Paris in the gardener's cart, and soon reached my dwelling. I did not say the Holy Mass that morning; I was too ill.

Exhausted in body and depressed in spirit, I threw myself into a chair. I afterward rubbed my forehead to be sure that I was awake. The recollection of the last night came before me like a dream, and yet it was only too true.

The following morning I said Mass for the unfortunate victim of the secret society, in the neighboring convent of the Sacred Heart. As I was leaving the church, after a lengthened thanksgiving, the Superior of the Convent, with whom I had to speak, asked me if anything was the matter—I looked so disturbed and distressed. At first I gave an evasive answer. As this did not seem to satisfy her, I owned that something extraordinary had occurred, and said that I was ready to tell her what had happened if she would assure me solemnly that, whatever might occur, she would never impart the secret to any one.

When the Superioress had listened to my tale with signs of surprise and horror, she told me, with tears, that the pious daughter of the murdered man was a nun in that very Convent, and was continually offering prayers for her father, as she knew that he was a member of a secret society; she would be greatly rejoiced and edified by the intelligence of the conversion of her unfortunate father. My apprehension of snares and deceit was so great that I could not resolve to offer her this consolation at present, and turned a deaf ear to the prayers and representations of the Superior.

On Christmas day, the second day after these events, as I was meditating over the same story, my eyes chanced to fall on a Paris paper in which several deaths by accidents were mentioned, and among others those of persons who, being unknown, had been placed in the Morgue. I jumped up and at once proceeded to the Morgue, where I found six corpses, but none of them was like the unfortunate man whom I sought. Discouraged, I was about to leave when I once more cast my eyes around. Then I observed near the wall some part of a dress which I knew, and to a band connected with it hung my highly-prized relic of the Holy Cross. More closely than before I examined the corpse which lay near, these clothes. It was indeed the body of the stranger, altered, it is true, by death, but the features could still be recognized. To make myself quite certain I drew the covering a little away, so as to expose the neck and shoulders, and there, on each side of the throat, was a small incision; the arteries of the neck had been pierced.

The overseer approached and asked curiously if I was seeking any one among the dead.

"I have studied medicine," I replied, evasively, "and it is useful to me to observe the different kinds of death of these unfortunate people." I said what was quite true, for I had indeed studied surgery, and my knowledge had done me good service in my missions.

"This gentleman," said the overseer, "was taken out of the Seine, and must have been drowned."

I was silent, and I left the man under his mistake. Again I thought of taking away my relic, but the dread of betraying myself and the feeling of certainty that anything so sacred would not be desecrated, held me back from appropriating the treasure I so highly valued.

I said Mass the next morning at the convent, as I had promised. When it was over one of the nuns came to the door, and with suppressed sobs and streaming tears, begged me to remember her unhappy father in my prayers and in the holy Sacrifice.

"May I ask what has been your father's lot?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I have lost my father doubly; in time and in eternity. Had death taken him away in a state of grace, the loss might have been borne, but after a life estranged from God, to die so suddenly, oh! it is dreadful, terrible. Oh! if I could save the soul of my father, once so good, I could gladly suffer all the pains of purgatory till the day of doom. I would take upon myself every earthly sickness, sorrow, pain and suffering, and all the torments of hell, if I could only by this means save my father's soul."

"Be comforted, sister; the crucified Redeemer had pity on the sinner's last hour. Your prayers for him availed for your father's good."

"I must doubt that," said the nun, shaking her head, "for my father belonged to a sacred society, the members of which refuse all spiritual comfort."

"And yet it is true that your father received the consolations of religion before his death," I repeated.

The nun gave me an incredulous and hopeless look. I drew forth my pocket-book and showed her the last page. Her eyes brightened, she devoured the words, pressed them fervently to her lips, and sinking on her knees, stretched out her arms with her tearful eyes raised to heaven, exclaimed, "God befor ever thanked; my father is saved!"

HER TWO HANDS.

OLD CASPAR came home about sunset. His pick was on his shoulder, so was his old wool hat, for he thrust it far back from his wrinkled front. Caspar had a bend, as if he had been half-persuaded these many years to go on hands and knees again. So heavily time sat on his back, and so close to the earth did his daily labor draw him.

He was a good-natured, trotting old fellow, working his mouth eagerly and straining his bleard eyes, as he approached the town's draggled skirts, for very thinking of his folks—his old woman and his little gal.

There were rows of dismal frame huts all around, built by railroad companies for the purpose of penning as many of their *employés'* families at a time as possible. They reposed, grimy and barn-like, squat on that sandy foundation which Scripture condemns, swarming with legions of tallow-headed children. Women sharp at the elbows and sharper at the face, were raising clouds of pork-smoke from their respective kitchen altars. In fact, the whole neighborhood reeked with the smell of grease, and the evening was so warm a Laplander might have resented it. But Caspar's nose was not delicate. He trotted over the cinder side-walk nodding this way and that, glad there was such a fine air, and that his old bones were so near home.

"Thar 's the little gal, as usual," he chuckled, as he turned a corner and found Madgie on her lookout at the gate. She was a comforting sight to see in that neighborhood, so tidy and fair in calico and braids, and the pink flesh-color of youth. You wondered why she had n't been set further up town and draped in something costly; why her deft fingers had never learned there were ten keys to unlock a soul which slumbers in rosewood, and which rises at a touch, like some blessed geni, to comfort all ills and fill all thoughts; you wondered why some high-bred father was not coming home to her now. But then this old man would have found it so hard to do without her. Then, too, Madge might never in all her life have struck the royal heart which was now in her hands, which she held her bank against all the future, and the interest of which was the only income she wanted.

"There you are, grandpa!" cried Madge.

"Yes, and there *you* are, Madgie! And here we both are, Madgie!" entering the opened gate and casting down his pick.

He put his hands on each side of her head and gave her a sounding smack on the cheek.

"Supper's ready."

"Yes, yes. Jist wait till I git a little of the smut off my hands and neck. It's ben a powerful hot, dusty day."

Caspar trotted through the little barn allotted to him, hailed his old wife, who sat ready to pour his tea, and after blowing and plunging through a deal of water, returned to his family with shining countenance and a handful of onions.

"I jist pulled these up for a relish. They're cooling, ingens is. You 'tended that ingen-bed, didn't you, Madgie?"

"Grandma and I."

"And we wanted some of them ingens for market," said the old wife, eying the sacrifice severely. "We a'n't got no ground to throw away raisin' luxuries for ourselves."

"Well, well, mother," pleaded Caspar, dipping his fragrant sphere in salt, "I don't calk'late to pull 'em all. I jist wanted somethin' refreshin' after a hard day. Taste 'em Madgie," insinuating emerald tops toward her.

"Oh! no, grandpa, keep 'em yourself," shaking her head and smiling.

"I feel," rambled Caspar, filling his senses and his jaws with perfumed roots until a blind man would have pronounced him a Mexican, if his nose had sat in judgment over Caspar, "I r'aly feel as if I needed somethin' refreshin', workin' hard day after day for nothin', you might say. Sort of seein' your work go to pieces under your eyes, and knowin' the danger to them on the road."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" cried Madge, turning white as her bread and butter.

"Why, honey, you see we've picked and picked in that cut, and the sile's as unstiddy as water. The stones and earth jist roll on the track contineral. The company orto do somethin' to that cut. Stones big as you is jarred by down every train. But then, the road's new, the road's new yet."

"Men a'n't got no sense," broke out the old wife. "Don't you see you're skeering that child to death for fear Charley'll git smashed up? He runs on that road."

Two blades of keen remorse leaped from Caspar's bleared eyes.

"Now, don't you be skeered, honey. Take an ingen, honey."

He reached over to pet her fingers.

"Charley didn't pass to-day when the dirt was rattlin' down so. He don't pass till half-after eight this evenin', and we left the track as clean as this table. Yes, sir, them rails is as free and bright as new tin-pans. So don't you be skeered, honey."

"I'm not scared about anything, grandpa," said Madge tremulously, but smiling like a rainbow.

"There now, mother," cried Caspar triumphantly, returning to his onions, "you come down on me for nothin'. She a'n't skeered a bit."

No, not a bit. She flew about the room like a bird, washed the earthenware, brought her grandfather his pipe, and dropped at his feet to tell him some funny story afloat. In his enjoyment, he wrapped himself in such a cloud that she could hardly see the clock.

Madge slipped out to the gate. She was often there looking up the road. The two old people sat inside thinking of the days when they were young.

She was restless, and flitted over the cinder sidewalk, following a magnet which would have drawn her from the centre of the earth. To the road of course. How often had she watched the rails converging horizon-ward until they sharpened themselves to a needle-point! The railroad had a fascination for Madge. When a baby, she used to follow her grandfather to his work, and hide among bushes to see the big frieghts lumbering by, and the express-trains whirling into town like screaming landdemons. She had heard of the sea, and the spell it had upon sailors, but she saw the railroad and felt the spell, which nobody seemed to remark, that it cast over inland laborers. She saw her boy-playmates sucked up by "the road;" heard her grandfather tell of hair-breadth escapes from collisions, of cool courage in men who placed themselves between the people they carried and most horrible death. She had learned the power and mission of "the road." In short, she was as loyal a daughter of the rail as any Maine skipper's child is of the sea. Madge had an affinity for an engine. To this day, her throat swelled, her eye kindled, when the great iron animal swept past her. Charley drove an engine, and his engine was, in her eyes, a fitting exponent of the strength and beauty of his manhood. Such was the romance of her little dry life. Everybody must have his enthusiasm. She had been in the town's great depot at night, arrived from a holiday trip, and had laughed aloud to see some busy engine hurrying up and down, picking up freights like a hen gathering her chickens; now breathing loud enough to deafen a multitude, now concentrating its strength and panting slowly away at the head of its charge. She had waked from sleep to hear them calling to each other through the darkness, and translated to herself what they said.

It was a proper thing for Madge to be an engineer's wife. She thought it a fitting thing to be Charley's wife under any circumstances, I assure you. There was now only a little strip of time between Madge and Charley. She looked over that little strip and saw just how it would be. They were to have a cottage on a clean street; her grand-parents, if they became infirm, were to have a home with her; "and these two little hands;" said Charley, "will make me the dearest nest; I'll be so glad to run into it at night!"

Madge's pink face took on rose as she thought of all these things, looking up and down the cut to see if the track were clear, as her grandfather had said. It was clear. She felt relieved and foolish about coming out there through the twilight to spy for Charley's welfare, and much inclined to hide from the smoke rising far off. But those unstable, sandy walls towering over his way! Madge watched them jealously. Just as the thunder of the train could be heard, her heart stood still to see them dissolve, like pillars ground down by some malicious

Sampson, and piled upon the track till nothing could be seen for yards but one long hill of earth and stones !

Now, little Madge, if there is heroism in you, it must meet and lasso that iron beast whirling a hundred people upon death ! A hundred ! The *whole world* was in the engine-house, driving down fast upon that fate ! *He* wouldn't try to save himself when he came upon the life-trap. She saw how he would set his lips, bend nerve and brain to the emergency ; she saw how car would crash into car, the wreck lie over a burning engine, Charley be ground and charred under them all !

O sublimely selfish woman ! She flew over the track like a thing of wings. It was life and Charley, or death with Charley ! The head-light flashed up through dusk. There were matches in her pocket ; she scraped them on a rail and tore off her apron. Oh ! they wouldn't ignite, and the cotton would but smoulder. It is rolling down on her as swift as air. Bless the loom which wove the cloth which made that cotton apron ! She tossed it blinking and blazing above her head, walking slowly backward. The red-eyed fury roared down at her, but you can't terrify a woman when her mind is made up. It should run over her before it should reach the sand-heap.

She was seen. The engine rent evening with its yells ; the brakes were on — her lasso had caught it — it could now be stopped in time. She darted aside, but the current was too strong for her. She was dizzy ; fell, and clutched in the wrong direction. Poor, poor little fingers !

Now the people pour out ; they run here and there. Women are crying — perhaps because they weren't hurt. The engineer darts along like a madman, looking under the train. There, a dozen feet before the engine, rises the sand-hill. Every body wants to know how they were stopped before they rounded the curve.

"Here she is !" shouted Charley, striding up with a limp bundle, like a king who had sacrificed to the good of the state. "*She* showed the signal ! And stood up to it until I saw her — until we almost run her down ! There's half the fingers cut off her left hand ! There, what do you think of *that*, now, for the woman that saved you all !" holding up the mutilated stump.

"God bless it !" prayed an old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Amen !" roared the crowd. With one breath they raised three shouts, which shook the sand-hills until they came down handsomely a second time, Charley standing above their enthusiasm with the fainting child in his arms, like a regent holding some royal infant.

"Let me see her !" sobbed first one woman, then another. So Charley sat down and let them crowd around with ice-water, cologne and linen for bandages. He even gave the men a glimpse of her waxy face, just unfolding to consciousness. Like all western people, they wanted to pour out their hearts in a "purse." Madge hid her face on Charley's blouse, and "would have none of it."

He carried her home at the head of a procession, which stopped before her grandfather's hut, and cheered her "last appearance." So do people froth up in gratitude.

An hour afterward, when the neighbors were dispersed, and Caspar stood convinced that "an ingen" might not be the best brace for Madge's nerves, when her hand was dressed, and her grandmother was quavering a psalm in the corner, Madge turned such a look on Charley as even that stout-hearted fellow could not stand. He leaned close to her, and not having yet washed the smoke off his face, was as Vulcan-like a lover as you could desire. But Madge always saw the god, not the mechanic.

"Oh, Charley ! how can I make a little nest for you now ! After the feeling of to-night is over, you will wish you had married anybody rather than a maimed girl !"

Unwise Madge ! She drew her fate upon herself. I do aver, that to this day her nose is much flattened by the vise-like punishment Charley made her suffer for that expression.

When he came in next evening, he laid a paper in her lap, and watched the pale face expand and blossom while it read a deed of gift to her of the prettiest cottage on the prettiest street in that city. The company which Charley served, and which could do handsome things as well as thoughtless ones, begged her, in a flattering note, to accept the gift as only a small acknowledgement of their obligations to her.

"How could she make a little nest for him ?" asked Charley, looking at her through brimming eyes.

"Why with her hands, after all," answered Madge, crying.

"And this will always be the prettier hand of the two," said the foolish fellow, touching the bandaged one.

A HUSBAND can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid of being seen footing the stockings of her husband.

BIGOTRY.

On the subject of "Bigotry" the *N. O. Morning Star* give us the following : Even into Texas the blear-eyed monster of bigotry has sent his emissaries. Two or three weeks ago we published a communication on lotteries which contained sentiments eminently rational and timely. A Methodist paper, published in Jefferson, Texas, and called the *Home Advocate*, selects a paragraph from the article in question, and makes it a text for a short sermon on "Purgatory," without a shadow of connection between the two subjects. The Texas journal is a pronounced opponent of purgatory, and, *par consequence*, an equally ardent advocate of the bad place. It is to be hoped that its title, *Home Advocate*, has no relation to this advocacy of the Plutonic realms.

This near-sighted sheet has not a word of criticism for the paragraph which it copies, can not find any fault with it, yet, in very spite, perhaps, for that inability, will not let the occasion pass without giving us the following specimen of its good will and profound learning :

I have no word of apology for the lottery, yet, if compelled to invest in the lottery or pay my money to the priest for the repose of departed saints, I would not pay it to the priest. All the prizes in the *purgatorial lottery* are blanks.

Uncle Solomon buttons his "slim pockets" and promises the "Holy Fathers" not to pay one cent to get any body out of purgatory. If there be any purgatory, no body goes there who ought not. The good Lord don't make mistakes. My Bible don't teach me to pray for dead men. The men who celebrate Mass for the dead had better cast the beam out of their own eye.

Solomon, in our opinion, is no more the wise man, but has fallen into his dotage. What possible chance is there that he or any other man will ever be reduced to the alternative of investing his money in the lottery or in prayers for the dead ? If there was no such alternative imminent or even possible, what could possibly have suggested the connection of ideas to Sol ? The fact is, he has purgatory on the brain, and everything he reads takes that shape, with more or less distinctness.

They say there is method, sometimes, in madness, and so there may be a glimmering of wit in fanaticism. It appears to us that Sol. intended to be witty when he wrote, "all the prizes in the *purgatorial lottery* are blanks." Poor Sol.! His parents must have won him there. He would not give "one cent" to get any body out. Of course not. How could he ? His whole article shows that he has no cents.

Solomon says that his Bible don't (he means doesn't) teach him to pray for the dead men. This involves three errors : 1st. His Bible is no Bible unless it be the one given to us originally by the inspired writers. Now he can not possibly know, by natural means, whether it is or not, owing to the inextricable confusion into which that question fell during the two first centuries of Christianity. Unless the Catholic Church is infallible, neither Solomon nor any other man can possibly know what is the Bible. 2d. The Bible can not teach ; it takes a man to do that. 3d. The Bible *does* convey the doctrine of praying for the dead. And not only so, but common sense teaches all men that many die who are not bad enough for Hell and not yet fit for Heaven. Common feeling prompts all men, who have not gizzards in place of hearts, to remember their dead, to commune with them, to look forward to reunion with them after the short day of this life is ended, and, in the meantime, to pray for the remission of some of the pains which their souls are justly undergoing.

Solomon has made a sad blunder in his last sentence. It was not a "man who celebrates Mass" that had this lottery beam in his eye. It was in fact an esteemed *Protestant* friend who wrote for our columns this contribution, which has carried our Texas Solomon so deep into Purgatory.

STOP MY PAPER.

EVERY publisher of a newspaper has heard this tremendous order from offended subscribers, imagined by the offended to be as dangerous as a stroke of lightning, but in reality more harmless than a mosquito bite. A good story is told by the Philadelphia *Post*, of Mr. Swain, the former proprietor of the *Daily Ledger*. By his course on some public question, on which different persons had different opinions, Mr. Swain had offended a number of readers, one of whom met him on Chestnut Street, and thus accosted him :

"Mr. Swain, I've stopped the *Ledger*."

"What is that, sir ?"

"I've stopped the *Ledger*," was the stern reply.

"Is it possible !" said Mr. Swain ; "my dear sir, what do you mean ? Come with me to the office." And, taking the man with him, they entered the office at Third and Chesnut streets. There they found the clerks busy at their desks ; then they ascended to the editorial and composing rooms, where everything was going on as usual ; finally they descended to the press-rooms, where the engines were at work.

"I thought you told me you had stopped the *Ledger*," said Mr. Swain.

"So I have," said the offended subscriber.

"I don't see the stoppage. The *Ledger* seems to be going on."

"Oh ! I mean to say—that is, that I—ah—had stopped taking it !"

"Is that all ?" exclaimed Mr. Swain ; "why, my dear sir, you don't know how you alarmed me."

EFFECT OF STRONG DRINK ON PROGENY.

AN exchange gives the following interesting item, which, if founded in fact, should cause "moderate drinkers" to think, before they allow the habit to grow upon them : "A man may drink moderately, but steadily, all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics or drunkards ; the hereditary tendency of crime having its pathology and unvaried laws, precisely as scrofula, consumption, or any other purely physical disease. These are stale truths to medical men, but the majority of parents, even those of more than average intelligence, are either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them. There will be a chance of ridding our jails and almshouses of half their tenants when our people are brought to treat drunkenness as a disease of the stomach and blood, as well as of the soul, to meet it with common sense and a physician, as well as with threats of damnation, and to remove gin-shops and gin-sellers for the same reason that they would stagnant ponds or unclean sewers."

DISCONTENT.

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. A child about three years old was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother, "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.

AN old friend of ours was bewailing, the other day, some pecuniary losses, when his wiser half interposed to remind him of certain expenditures he had made which might have been avoided. "Nonsense ;" he replied, "what I spend is the only money I am sure of !" Though liable to abuse in its practical application, there is a profound philosophy in this thought. He that hoards his wealth, when losses come, is poor indeed ; while he that expends it judiciously can never lose the fruits thereof that he has received into his own soul. But of consecrated expenditure this is doubly true. The man who spends his life in amassing wealth is said, in common parlance, to "die rich." Nay, rather he must die miserably poor. The liberal soul, as it passes away from all earthly possessions, may well exclaim, "What I *have given away* is now all that I am sure of !" This, we apprehend, is the divine philosophy that resides in that golden saying of the Wise Man : "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—*Christian Union.*

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES of the ordinary kind are such as are communicated by contact, by coming near enough a sick person to breathe into the lungs, and swallow with the saliva into the stomach, certain solid particles which have become detached from the invalid, and which speedily find their way into the blood and poison it. Among these are the following half dozen : Typhus fever, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, small-pox. Persons who breathe through the nose only, and avoid swallowing, in the sick chamber, may come out of it unharmed ; for the solid particles are arrested in their long, circuitous passage through the dampened channel which leads from the nostrils to the windpipe. An additional safeguard is to sit so that the draught of air may be from you toward the patient ; hence, not between him and the fire-place, toward which there is always a current passing, whether there is any fire there or not.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BRIGANDAGE is greatly on the increase in the Neapolitan Provinces of Italy. At Celica, in the Abruzzi Mountains, Manzi's band has constructed a complete fortress, well armed and provisioned for a whole year. The Italian Government is powerless in this case, as it is impossible to attempt penetrating into the passes of Abruzzi when the strongholds are in the hands of an army of cut-throats.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

[The boys of Santa Clara College take great pride in their neat little monthly, *The Owl*, and right ably do they conduct it. Many publications of greater pretentions must take the second place on comparison. The original articles show much care, and many of them much genius. We give below a poem by "Cervantes"—Wm. L. Marshall—to whom was awarded the gold medal prize at the distribution in June last. We would gladly induce some of these "boys" to contribute an occasional article to THE GUARDIAN. But to the poem :]

In a bright vale of Erin the rich grass is growing,
And the birds softly murmur their sweet songs of praise ;
And the thatch on the cabin's low roofF is all glowing,
As 'tis turned into gold by the sun's dying rays.

All is peaceful and still ; not a sound within hearing
Save the dull drowsy hum of the wandering bee,
Or the prattle of children, at evening repairing
To the simple meal spread 'neath the shade of some tree.

And see yonder neat cot, where the ivy is creeping
With the stealth of a serpent along the white wall !
There is balm in the silence ; e'en nature seems sleeping,
'Till, perchance, from yon cypress the nightingale calls.

And far down by the brook, 'neath a low, drooping willow,
Sits a maiden of graceful and beautifil form :
By her side, with her bosom his grey head to pillow,
Is an old man, nigh sinking 'neath life's heavy storm.

"Oh, my daughter," he cries, "I am burdened with sadness,
And all thy fond efforts to cheer me are vain :
For my brain is oppressed till it verges on madness,
And my heart's core is wrung by the force of its pain.

"When I think of the past, 'tis with bitter repenting,
And with longings—how vain !—to recall it once more ;
Yet one good deed I shared. 'Twas when stern, unrelenting,
We assailed the fierce Moslem by Lepanto's shore.

"Let me hear stirring music ! Thy sweet voice upswelling
Shall inspire my sad heart with old dreams of delight."
Then the maiden, with skilled hand her lyre compelling,
'Gan to chant the wild anthem of Lepanto's flight.

SONG.

'Tis morn ; but still through fleecy clouds is seen
The dimly outlined moon, night's flying queen,
As, frighted by the bold sun's glaring sheen,
She leaves the world to-day.
Tossed by old Ocean's discord here and there—
Its brilliant banners streaming to the air—
Flashes, like jewel from its golden lair,
The Christian squadron gay.
And far away upon the gilded waves
Are seen the galleys of the Moslem slaves—
A welcome sight to Spain's true-hearted braves,
So eager for the fray !

Down, down they bear ! Stand firm ye sons of Spain !
If glory's tempting goblet ye would drain,
Then fight ye must, till every Turk be slain,
And Christendom set free.
As one whose limbs are cramped, whose senses tranced,
The Christian squadron lay ; nor yet advanced :
Though, like close-curbed steeds that oft have pranced,
All hearts were fiery.
As some fierce eagle, whom the winds upbear,
Swoops on his victim "through the fields of air,"
So sprang the Turk against the Christian there,
With all his chivalry.
Then saw Don John, the leader of the host,
That should the fleets thus meet, all, all were lost :
And prayed that God, to spare His Church that cost,
Some marvel would perform.
On dash the Turks, expectant of their prey,
None save the Christians' God their course can stay
Must, then, Spain's blood the Moslem thirst allay ?
Aye ; Onward comes the storm !
And bold Don John ! Waits he the onslaught fell?
He waits ; but Hope bids that sad heart farewell,
And all the fiends that people nether hell
Before him seem to swarm.

Then on a sudden, ere the ships can clash,
Down drops the wind, as falls the lightning's flash.
What time it lights, with sharp and vengeful crash,
On some tall, fated pine.
And now—all changed the vantage of the day—
In mid-course stopped, the Turkish squadron lay !
And Christian thanks re-echo o'er the bay
For this portent divine.
And now, reversed, the winds once more arise,
Bending those masts that taper to the skies ;
And full against the Turk the Christian flies,
Then Moslem sabres shine ;

Clash Christian swords ; booms loud the cannonade :
And low in gore full many a Turk is laid,
Yet all the Christian's gain is dearly paid
In streams of Spanish blood.
Now writhing, each in other's arms, they fight—
Christian and Moslem, galley-slave and knight,
Base-born and noble—in most piteous plight
Commingled in the flood.
A thousand oars the angry waters lashed,
A thousand swords on hostile armor clashed,
Thousands to rescue thousands madly dashed,
And thousands still withstood.

But fiercer, mightier still the conflict raves,
Where born aloft midst hordes of Moslem slaves,
St. John, thy banner o'er the death scene waves,
The light of chivalry !
Oft beaten back, the Turks as oft return,
Yet fail to break the Christian line so stern :
While with blind rage their dusky bosoms burn,
And still they scorn to fly.
Where floats, Don John, thy banner on the air,
They dash most fiercely on in their despair ;
Then back, like baffled tiger to his lair,
Slink ignominiously.
But see, their lines disorderly appear !
Now, now St John ! Charge thou upon their rear :
And sate with Moslem blood thy thirsting spear,
Till low the foemen lie !

Now every galley in the host doth join.
All dash at once upon the Moslem line,
And foremost in the bloody fight doth shine
Thy banner, bold Don John !
Fiercely the Moslem fought, and bravely fell ;
Then, dying, cursed his foes with such a yell,
As seemed to breathe the agony of hell,
Whither his soul had flown.
Scattered by all the wrathful winds of Heaven,
Or 'gainst the rocks of the tide and current driven,
Vainly the Turkish remnant seeks a haven ;
And LEPANTO IS WON !

Gently the music hushed. The old man smiled,
From all his cares by those sweet strains beguiled,
An armed knight once more the veteran seems,
Fighting for Christ ; or so, at least, he dreams.

Once more Faith's light shines brightly in his heart :
Nor, by God's mercy, shall it thence depart,
Till that worn body rest beneath the sod,
And the brave soul be free to meet its God !

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

The Vallejo Savings Bank has declared a dividend of one per cent. for September, payable immediately.

Says a Vallejo dispatch of the 14th: The Land Improvement Company's Warehouse is to be materially increased in size, in order to enable them to store all the wheat there required, their business having increased beyond their expectations.

More or less information has been given to the public, having reference to the establishment of a line of steamers between Hongkong, Yokohama and San Francisco. It is now said that three of the steamers have been actually completed, and that the line will commence operations January 1st, when a vessel will leave Hongkong for this port.

The Southern District Agricultural Association will give an industrial exhibition at Los Angeles on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of November. Preparations have been made for a grand display of the products of the southern counties. S. J. Rose is President of the Association, and Major B. C. Truman Secretary.

The company for the construction of a system of narrow-gauge railroads have filed their articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, which enables us to learn, particularly, the routes they intend to pursue. The length of the road or roads is to be 400 miles, and the capital stock $7,000,000. The directors, as named in the articles, are John W. Pierson, R. L. Tracy, Cornelius Cole, H. F. Williams and M. D. Townsend. The route of the road will be as follows: First, from a point at or near the city of Sacramento, through the counties of Yolo and Solano to the city of Benicia ; second, from a point at or near the city of Sacramento, through the counties of Sutter and Yuba to Marysville ; third, from a point at or near the city of Marysville, through the counties of Yuba, Sutter and Butte to Chico ; fourth, from a point at or near Maine Prairie, through the counties of Solano, Colusa and Tehama to the town of Red Bluff ; fifth, from a point at or near the city of Nevada, in Nevada County, through said county and the county of Yuba to the city of Marysville ; sixth, from a point at or near Colusa, through Colusa County, to a point in Cache Creek Valley near the boundary line of said county and the county of Yolo ; seventh, from the terminus of the Colusa branch above mentioned through Cache Creek Valley and through Lake County to Lakeport ; eighth, from a point at or near where the Putah Creek crosses the Red Bluff Road in the county of Yolo, through said county and the county of Napa to Berryessa Valley,

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The German army of occupation has begun to evacuate the Department of Upper Marne.

It is estimated that 75,000 head of cattle have been going east from Kansas per month, since June.

The gauge of the Grand Trunk, of Canada, is to be reduced, and an extension to Chicago is contemplated.

Cardinal Bonnechose, who had just returned from Rome, assures Thiers that the Pope will remain in that city.

The first railroad in Tunis has just been successfully opened. The passengers on the first day numbered 2,496.

Toronto horses are suffering from an epidemic of a catarrhal character, of which there are now over 600 cases.

Chicago's real estate would sell for more now than before the fire, so it seems that the $200,000,000 burned up was well invested.

The submarine telegraph between Jamaica and Aspinwall is now in working order, and has been thrown open to the public for business.

Gambetta is expected to visit Nantes and Bordeaux in a few days, where he will address the people in explanation of his Grenoble speech.

A Birmingham paper complains that the milkmen there are raising their prices, although the Water Works Company have not increased the charge of water.

Mrs. Merriman-Loyson, in addition to her $75,000 and other accomplishments, is a painter and sculptist. She will be able to put a head on Hyacinthe, if occasion offers.

The *Nautical Magazine* of Liverpool announces an ocean race from Liverpool to Callao, 11,000 miles, between the White Star steamer *Republic* and the Pacific Company's steamer *Tacora*. The latter is to sail on the 4th, the *Republic* next day.

Jacob Jolly died at Warrenton, Virginia, on Sunday week, one hundred and one years old. He was born and lived all his life in Fauquier County. His last words were: "Home ! home !"

The Public Works Department of Japan employs 161 foreigners, at an aggregate cost of $29,621 per month. There are 111 English, 36 French, 6 Chinese, 4 Manilese, 2 Americans, 1 Indian, and 1 Swiss.

Application has been made to the German Government for an order of expulsion against the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Posen and Guesen, Mgr. Count Ledochowski, on the plea of his being a Jesuit and a foreigner. Count Ledochowski is a personal favorite of the Emperor.

The Myers and the Millicans in Texas are indulging in a vendetta. When last heard from each family was growing quite searce. The fact is, it is quite the thing in the best Texas society to have a vendetta in the family. In fact, no high-toned family is without one. It varies the dull monotony of every-day life.

The dissolution of the gold corner in New York and the prospects of speedy returns from our heavy wheat shipments are already visibly affecting the money market in the most agreeable manner. It is easier to borrow $100,000 now than it was to obtain a tenth of that sum a month ago, and a steady increase of the money supply is now regarded as certain.

An exploring expedition sent out by a party of capitalists last spring, to prospect and locate mining lands in northwestern Texas, has just returned, and report that extensive deposits of coal and copper were discovered near Kiowa Peak and the Brazos River. Ten thousand acres of superior land were selected and surveyed for the association.

It is said that the change wrought in the character of business structures throughout New York City during the last five or six years is very remarkable. Scores of low, old-fashioned brick buildings have been superseded by lofty marble, granite and iron edifices of unsurpassed convenience and architectural beauty. The work still continues with increasing activity.

The *North German Gazette* gives an authoritative denial of the current report that Bismarck's health was so bad that his leave of absence had been extended three months. The *Gazette* states that the physicians of the Prince do not regard his illness as at all serious or likely to render the prolongation of his absence abroad above the appointed time necessary.

Near Santa Rosa, on Sunday last, Samuel Box shot and instantly killed Wash. Guthrie. It seems that the latter had some time ago separated from his wife, who is the former's sister ; but the Court, finding the mother unable to provide for the children, and the father not competent, appointed Box guardian. The quarrel grew out of this fact—the father attempting to take the children.

The dock accommodation of Liverpool, England, includes 169 acres of water, and at Burkenhead, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, 131 acres. The former are crowded and the latter not much used. At Liverpool the large ships get frequently neaped, and at all times must haul out into the river ; whereas, at Birkenhead, 22 feet of water are to be found on the lowest neaps at the docks' sills.

A Winnemuca dispatch of October 15th says: Superintendent Haynes of the new stage line, who arrived from Silver City this morning, states that the Piute Indians in large numbers, headed by one of their chiefs named Egan, have commenced hostilities. Last Friday they burned several ranches, drove off stock and chased the occupants for several miles at Cow Creek Lake, near Jordan Valley, Idaho. They threaten to be very troublesome. A great many citizens of Silver City and vicinity have armed themselves and started in hot pursuit.

A Belfast despatch of October 13th, says: Thousand of exiles from Alsace and Lorraine have arrived in this city on their way to America. The streets are crowded with these people, and all are in the most indigent and wretched condition. Their passage-money to America is provided by subscriptions in Paris, London, Liverpool and other cities. Many deplorable scenes were witnessed to-day, but everything possible is doing by citizens for the amelioration of their sufferings. Many young children accompanying the emigrants must be subject to hunger and privation before their condition is bettered.

The following items concerning French affairs are to October 15th. Rouher has made an appeal to the Permanent Commission of the Assembly in behalf of Prince Napoleon. The Prince proposes to prosecute the Minister of the Interior for expelling him from France without authority of law. The Prince and Princess have left Geneva for Milan.

An election having been ordered in the Department of the Gironde to fill a vacant seat in the Assembly, the Republicans held a Convention after the American model, and nominated Caducas. The Conservatives had already placed M. De Forcade Lorquette in the field.

Madrid despatches to Oct. 14th say: "A despatch from Ferrol, says that the insurrectionists made two attacks on the frigate *Asturias* yesterday, but were repulsed. Three Government vessels are blockading the entrance to the harbor of Ferrol. It is impossible for any vessel captured by the rebels to get out. It is believed the insurrection will be overthrown by the first attack of Government troops. Marshall Brigna, Captain General of the Province of Corunna, has arrived at Ferrol with a force of Government troops. The rebels continue to concentrate at the arsenal. One thousand five hundred insurrectionists, who left Ferrol for Jubas, were intercepted by Marshall Brigna, and retreated to town."

Despatches from Havana to Oct. 15th, say: The Council of Administration, under the Presidency of the Intendente, have resolved to balance the budget without increasing the import or export duties, and meet the whole deficiency by local taxation. The principle feature of the new taxation will be the imposition of twenty-four dollars on each slave, which will produce about seven million dollars. The journals report the discovery of a conspiracy near Bayamo, saying that the Cubans intended to rise, and capture and kill those favoring the Spanish cause, and burn their establishments. The Spanish General, Menduina, had eight of the conspirators shot, and others condemned to imprisonment for life. Fifty Cubans are awaiting trial.

A new denomination has sprung up in the western portion of Mercer and Boyle counties, Kentucky, which is styled the "Soul Sleepers." Their name indicates one of the most important points in their creed, for they maintain that the soul sleeps with the body after death, until the judgment day. They also hold that God is material, that Christ was the first created being, and that baptism is essential to salvation. Rev. Mr. Terhune is the expounder of this doctrine, and has succeeded in converting about fifteen or sixteen to his faith, and they are now engaged building a new church, about halfway between Nevada and Harrodsburg. Quite a stir has been created in that neighborhood, and some persons who were members of the Christian and Presbyterian churches have left their own churches and gone over to the "Soul Sleepers."

SAN FRANCISCO PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—Extra ranges from $5 25@5 50 according to brand, terms of sale, etc.

WHEAT—Fair to choice grades are quotable at $1 57½@1 50.

BARLEY—We quote choice Bayo at $1 10@1 25 and coast at $1 17½@1 22½.

OATS—Choice kinds are held at $1 50@1 70 ; other descriptions, $1 50@1 70. Sale of 200 sks choice at $1 70.

HAY—From $11 50@17 ₱ ton will cover all kinds.

ONIONS—Quotable at $1 10@1 12½.

POTATOES—Humboldt ranges from $1 70@1 75 ; Sweet, 62½@75c ₱ 100 lbs.

RYE—Quiet at $1 90@1 95 ₱ ctl.

BRAN—Selling for $20 ₱ ton from mills.

MIDDLINGS—Mill price is $22 50@25 ₱ ton.

CORN—Quotable at $1 62½@1 75 ₱ 100 lbs.

OIL CAKE MEAL—$30 ₱ ton from mills.

CORNMEAL—Quotable at 2@2¼c ₱ lb, jobbing.

SEEDS—Flax, 3@3½c, Canary ; jobbing at 4½@5½c ; Mustard, 1@3c ₱ lb, as to kind.

BEANS—Pea, Small, White and Butter, $2 62½@3 ₱ 100 lbs ; Pink and Red, $2 62½@2 75 ; Bayo, $2 90@3.

HONEY—San Diego new, in comb, 23c ₱ lb ; Los Angeles comb, in 2 lb cans, $4 ₱ doz ; strained do, in bulk 13c ₱ lb ; other kinds, 8@15c in comb and 10@15c strained.

BEESWAX—Quiet at 35c ₱ lb.

VEGETABLES—Tomatoes, Bay, 60c@$1 ₱ box ; Egg Plant, 2@3c ₱ lb ; Summer Squash, $1@1 25 ; Green Corn, 15@20c ₱ doz ; Cucumbers, 75c ₱ box ; Chili Peppers, $1@1 15 per box for Choice ; String Beans, 2½c ; Cabbage, 50@62½c ₱ 100 lbs ; Peas, 2½@3c per lb ; Green Okra, 4@6c ; Garlic, 5@6c ; Lima Beans, 4@5c.

FRUIT—Limes, $15@17 50 ₱ 1000 ; Oranges, market bare ; Figs, 3@4c ₱ lb ; Plums, 6@10c, according to variety ; Peaches 7@10 ₱ box, Blackberries, none ; Pears, 40@50c ₱ box for cooking, and $1@2 50 for eating ; Apples, 50c@$1 25 ₱ box ; Grapes, Rose of Peru, $1 @ 1 50 ; Black Hamburg, $1 @1 50 ; Muscat of Alexandria, 3@4c ₱ lb ; Flame-colored Tokay, 4@5c ; Black Morocco, 10c ; Isabella, 3@4c ; ₱ box ; Watermelons, 7@10c each ; Cantaloupes, 7@10c each ; Sicily Lemons, $12 50@16 ₱ box ; Australian do, $6@7 ; Quinces, $1@1 25 ₱ box ; Cocoanuts, $8@10 ₱ 100.

DRIED FRUITS—California are jobbing as follows : Apples, 7@8c ₱ lb ; Peaches, 7@8c ; peeled do, 20@22½c ; Pears, 9@10c for peeled ; Plums, 5@8c ; pitted, do, 15@20c ; Figs, 6@10c ; Nectarines, 11@12½c ; Grapes, 6@7c ; Raisins, 8@10c.

PROVISIONS—Eastern sugar-cured Hams are jobbing at 18@12c ; do, extra light Breakfast Bacon, 13@15c, and heavy to medium, 12@13½c ; California Hams, 15@18c ; California Bacon, 13@14c ; Eastern Lard, 11¾@14c, as to pkg ; California do, 11@13c ₱ lb ; California Smoked Beef, 12½@14c.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Choice to fancy Butter, 55@65c ; fair to good, 30@40c ; pickled 32½@35c ; new, in firkin, sells at 25@32c ₱ lb ; Eastern firkin, 20@25c ; Western do, 15@20c ; California Cheese, 10@15c, latter for fancy dairy ; Eastern, 12½@17c, latter for New York State Factory.

EGGS—California are quiet at 55c@57½ ₱ dozen ; Oregon, 37½@40c.

POULTRY—Hens, $9@10 ₱ doz ; Roasters, $6@7 ; Broilers, $3 50@4 50 ; Ducks, $9@10 50 ; Turkeys, 20@21c ₱ lb ; Geese, $2 50@2 75 ₱ pair.

GAME—Venison, 8@10c ₱ lb at wholesale ; Quail, $1 75@2 ₱ doz.

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We will offer during the next week

75 pieces Heavy French striped Silks, all colors, $1 a yard; reduced from $1 75.
24 pieces Plain Colored Silks, $1 50 a yard; reduced from $2 25.
Our entire stock of Black Silks reduced fully 40 per cent.
80 pieces fine French Poplin (sold for Irish), 87½ cents a yard; reduced from $1 25.
38 pieces real Irish Poplin, (Dublin) $1 25 a yard; well worth $2 00.
15 pieces best Japanese Silks, 65 cents a yard; reduced from $1.
90 pieces Silk-finished Japanes, Poplins, 37½ cents a yard; reduced from 50 cents.
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SPRING DRESS GOODS

Reduced to half price, consisting of several thousand yards, at 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cents a yard.
A splendid line of Black Alpaca, from 25 cents a yard upward.
75 pieces best Black Fullard, 62½ cents a yard; reduced from $1.
15,000 yards Plain Black and Striped Grenadines, from 20 cents a yard upward.
A beautiful assortment of STRIPED SHAWLS new styles, from $3 50 upward.
All our Broche Shawls reduced to half-price.
250 pieces splendid French Lawns for 12½ cents a yard; warranted fast collors.
200 pieces White and Colored Pique, from 20 cents a yard upward.
1 case Heavy Borded Pique, 20 cents a yard; same as is sold for 50 cents.
400 pairs Blankets, from $2 50 a pair upward.
1,000 White and Colored Marseilles Spreads, from $1 25 upward.
5,000 dozen, all-linen, Napkins, $1 a dozen; reduced from $1 75.
800 dozen all-linen Doilies, 60 cents a dozen; reduced from 75 cents.
6,000 dozen all-linen Towels, from $1 a dozen upward.
75 pieces Heavy Scotch Table Linen for 35 cents a yard; reduced from 50 cents.
460 pieces Heavy Linen Crash, 8 cents a yard; reduced from 12½ cents.
164 pieces 4-4 Irish Linen, 25 cents a yard; reduced from 37½ cents.
180 pieces Nottingham Lace, 25 cents a yard; reduced from 40 cents.
40 pieces Plaid Flannel Shirting, 15 cents a yard; reduced from 30 cents.
2 bales all-wool White Flannel, 25 cents a yard; worth 40 cents.
200 pieces Brown and White Canton Flannel, 16½ cents a yard; worth 25 cents.
750 pieces Scotch Diaper, $1 a piece; reduced from $1 75.
38 pieces Boys' Cloths, 50 cents a yard; reduced from 75 cents.
All makes of Muslins and Sheetings at greatly reduced prices.
A splendid line of Corsets, from 50 cents a pair upward.
750 Ladies' Balbriggans, $6 a dozen; reduced from $9.
500 dozen Jouvin's Kid Gloves, $1 25 a pair; reduced from $1 50.
175 dozen Joseph's Undressed Kid Gloves, slightly soiled, 35 cents a pair; reduced from $1.
All makes of American Prints, 10 cents a yard.
A large lot of Ladies' and Gent's Underwear, slightly soiled, half price.
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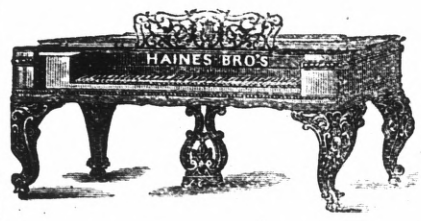

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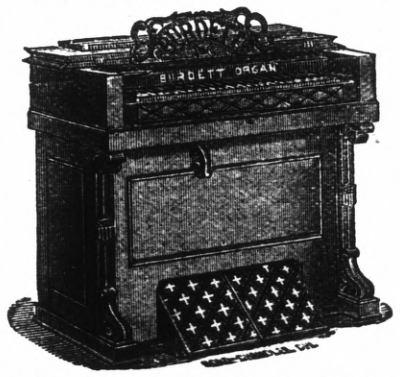

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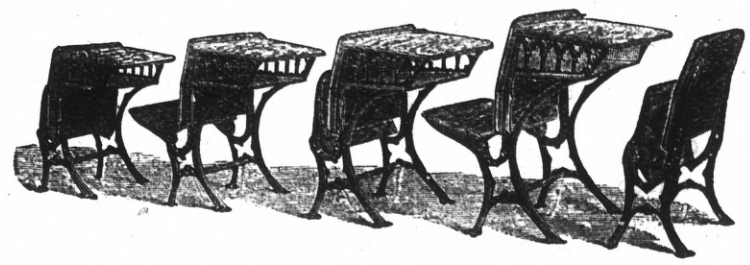

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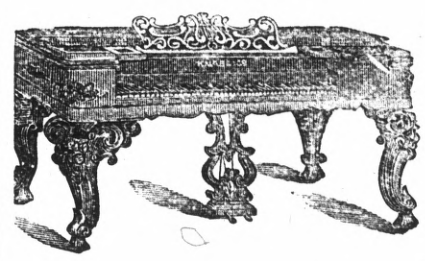

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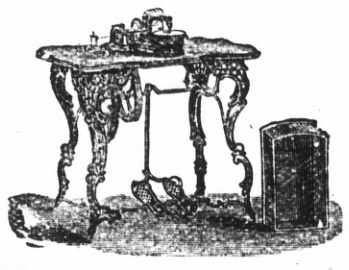

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A FARM CONTAINING THREE HUNDRED acres. Splendid place for a Dairy. $6,500

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IMPORTERS OF GAS FIXTURES, AND ALL kinds of Plumbing Material, No. 645 Market Street, adjoining R. C. Orphan Asylum, San Francisco. Buildings fitted up with gas, water and steam pipes, at the lowest market rates. All work warranted. Attention is called to the large assortment of Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants, Fancy Basins, Marble Slabs, Copper Boilers, etc. Sole agents for the Pacific Coast for the Improved Sun Burner and Ventilator, for lighting Churches, Halls, Theatres, etc. Orders from the Country will receive prompt attention.

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THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,

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Cash Capital, - - - - - $750,000 Gold
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STATE INVESTMENT

AND

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, - - - - $200,000

U. S. GOLD COIN, in 2,000 shares of $100 each. Payments in Four Installments, of Twenty-five (25) per cent. each, in Gold Coin. Fire, Marine and Inland Navigation Insurance.

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San Francisco, November 2d, 1872.

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REMITTANCES FROM THE INTERIOR.

Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office, or any reliable banking house; but this Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery.

The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit.

A proper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits received from $1 to $8,000.

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RECEIVE General and Special Deposits in Gold and Silver Currency. Deal in U. S. Bonds and Legal Tenders, and do a General Banking Business.

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Telegraphic Tranfers made on New York.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

REDUCTION IN GAS.

THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS COMPANY hereby gives notice, that the Government Tax of twenty-five cents per thousand feet having been removed, the price of gas on streets which are supplied by opposition companies will be reduced, from and after the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, to

One Dollar and Sixty Cents ($1.60) per Thousand Feet.

On other streets, the price will be reduced, from same date, to THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS ($3.50) per thousand feet.

JOS. G. EASTLAND, Secretary.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,

Corner of First & Bryant Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS Institution is under the management of th SISTERS OF MERCY.

JAMES MURPHY, M. D.....Visiting Physician.
S. C. LANE, M. D.....Visiting Surgeon.
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TERMS:

Payable monthly in advance, for board, medicines, attendance, etc.

In the wards, per week.....$10 00
In rooms, with one or more, per week.....15 00
In private Rooms, per week.....20 00

Liquors and washing extra.

Confinement cases, $10 00 extra.

Money always refunded in case a patient leaves before the expiration of the month.

Benevolent Societies are not required to pay in advance.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Corner of Folsom and Beale Sts.

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CORNELIUS MALONEY - - - Proprietor.

(Late of the Franklin House.)

THE United Staes Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and fitted up in superior style, and the proprietor is now able to provide his patrons and the public with superior accommodations, on the most reasonable terms.

Board, per week.....$4 00
Board and Lodging, per week.....$5 to $6 00
Board and Lodging, per day.....$1 00

Parties who have sent to the States for friends, or who expect friends, will please notify C. Maloney; and he will attend to them on arrival, and forward them with due care to their destination. By this means much may be saved and much inconvenience avoided.

A Library is attached to the House for the use of its patrons; also, a fire-proof safe, where money and other valuables are taken charge of at the risk of the proprietors.

An omnibus, with the name of the Hotel thereon, will be at the wharf to convey passengers to the Hotel free of charge.

1-tf

C. P. R. R.

Commencing Monday, August 26, 1872 and, until further notice, Trains and Boats will leave San Francisco.

7.00 A. M. Atlantic Express Train for Sacramento, Marysville and Redding, Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.15 A. M. Steamer New World (from Broadway Wharf) connecting at Vallejo with trains of California Pacific Railroad.

8.00 A. M. Excursion Boat (Sundays only) from Broadway Wharf---Connecting with special Train of S. F. and N. P. R. R. for Cloverdale and intermediate points, returning to San Francisco by 7.00 P. M.

2.00 P. M.* Stockton Steamer, (from Broadway Wharf) —touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

2.00 P. M. *Steamer Antelope, from Broadway Wharf —Connecting at Donahue with Trains of S. F. and North Pacific Railroad.

3.00 P. M. San Jose Passenger Train—stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. *Sacramento Steamer from Broadway Wharf —touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

4.00 P. M.* Passenger Train for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

6.30 P. M. Overland Emigrant Train, Through Freight and Accommodation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A.M.; 12:10, 1:50, 3:00, 4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and *11:30 P.M. (9:20, 11:20 and 3:00, to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN—(for San Francisco) *5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and 10:10 P.M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—*5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10,00 and 11:10 A.M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and 10:20 P.M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.—7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A.M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P.M. (7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS—(for San Francisco) *3:45, 7:00 and 10:45 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE—*4:40, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A.M. 1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P.M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad

Time Schedule—Commencing April 15th, 1872.

TRAINS SOUTH	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave—			
San Francisco	8:10 A M	*3:20 P M	†4:40 P M
San Jose....Arrive	10:36 A M	5:40 P M	7:00 P M
Gilroy.....Arrive	11:55 A M	.....	.....
Hollister....Arrive	12:50 P M	.....	.....
Pajaro.....Arrive	1:25 P M	.....	.....

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave—			
Pajaro	.....	.....	12:35 P M
Hollister	.....	.....	1:00 P M
Gilroy	.....	.....	2:00 P M
San Jose	10:30 A M	7:50 A M	3:20 P M
San Fran Arrive	8:50 A M	10:10 P M	5:50 P M

*Leaves at 2:30 P. M. SATURDAYS.
†Sundays excepted.

☞ An Extra Train will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 9:30 A. M. Returning, leave San Jose at 5:50 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS RUN DAILY Sundays excepted leaving San Francisco at 10:30 A. M., arriving at San Francisco at 4:25 P. M.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Sup't. A. C. BASSETT, Ass't Sup't.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Gen'l Pass'gr Ag't.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

BUSH STREET,

BET. MONTGOMERY AND SANSOME,

Adjoining the New Mercantile Library.

TERMS: $2.00 PER DAY.

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The Coach, plainly marked "BROOKLYN HOTEL," will be at the Railroad Depots and Steamboat Landings, to convey guests to the Hotel, free of charge.

KELLY & ANDREWS, Proprietors.

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DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

DEALER IN

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Toilet and Fancy Articles and Perfumery,

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Prescriptions carefully compounded.

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H. S. CROCKER & CO.

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Agency for Stewart's Celebrated Stoves.

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STOCK AND MONEY BROKER. FOREIGN Coin bought and sold. North-East corner of California and Kearny Streets, San Francisco.

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AT the lowest market prices, of the best quality, delivered in any part of the city.

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my25-tf

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 818 BATTERY Street, San Francisco. Wool, Hides, Leather, Tallow, Sheep, Goat, Fox, Coon and Cat Skins, and all kinds of Furs sold on commission. Liberal advances made on Consignments, and prompt returns made at good prices.

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PRACTICAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS. Barstow's Burial Caskets always on hand, and Agents for Fisk's Metalic Burial Cases.

Everything necessary for funerals kept constantly on hand. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention, at moderate charges.

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